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ADDRESSES

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

SAMUEL C. CHEW

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ADDRESSES

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY

SAMUEL CLAGGETT CHEW, A.M., M.D.

*Professor of Medicine in the University of Maryland; Ex-President of
the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland; Honorary
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Οὕτω ἐφανερώθη τί ἐσόμεθα.

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The following Addresses are printed together at the request of some friends who have thought that the occasions of their delivery were of interest to Marylanders, whether by birth or adoption, within or beyond the limits of the Medical Profession.

The subjects of the Addresses relate chiefly to three Institutions with which the writer has been connected for many years; the University of Maryland, the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland and the Peabody Institute of Baltimore.

S. C. C.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

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**MEDICINE IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY.**

MEDICINE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Fellow-Members of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland:

It is at once the expression of a most sincere feeling and my bounden duty to tender to you special thanks for the double honor which I have received at your hands in being called for the second time to this presidential chair and in being asked to assume it at this epoch in the history of the Faculty.

A century has passed away since the foundations of our polity were laid. The act incorporating "The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty or Society of the State of Maryland" was passed by the Legislature of this State at its session of 1798, and our earliest record shows that the Faculty met for the first time in the city of Annapolis, agreeably to law, on the first Monday in June, 1799.

This period of a hundred years comprises a fourth part of the whole time that has elapsed since civilization was brought to this western continent, and although it may seem brief in comparison with the duration of institutions in the old world—in comparison with that which makes venerable the ancient seats of medical learning at Padua, at Bologna, at Oxford or at Edinburgh—yet, if we accept the traditional date of the origin of mankind, it answers to fifteen hundred years of Europe, or to the

time that has passed since Theodosius ruled the Roman Empire. This degree of antiquity that we have to show is enough in this western hemisphere to give the grace and dignity of age, to make us cherish our Society not only for what it is, but for what it has been, and to prompt for it an attachment akin to the "love far-brought from out the storied past." I envy not the man who is indifferent to such associations or who is so engrossed with the interests of the present that he will not pause at times to listen to the voices which come echoing along the years and telling us how others in the past were actuated by the same hopes, warmed by the same attachments, and stimulated to the same endeavors which now inspire and occupy ourselves.

While days are measured and determined by the revolutions of the earth, months by the circling courses of the moon, and years by the sweep of our planet in its orbit around the sun, yet a century is an arbitrary term as far as astronomy is concerned, and has nothing answering to it in celestial mechanics or topography. The region in indefinitely extended space in which the solar system finds itself at the beginning of any century is not appreciably different from that wherein it was one hundred years before or wherein it shall be one hundred years afterwards. And yet how strong is the appeal to the imagination, and especially to the historic imagination, which is made by the contemplation of one hundred years. I do not mean merely the thought of any space whatsoever of that duration, for in this sense every year witnesses the close of one century of time and the begin-

ning of another, but the contemplation of periods determined by those centurial years, such as the one we are approaching, wherein a mark of time is changed and we pass from one long-familiar notation to another, the ending of which we shall not see.

It would seem, indeed—at least in these latter centuries—as if the courses of human affairs and of historical developments sympathized with this instinctive feeling, or, at least, added to its force, so often has it happened that the terminal periods of these centuries have been turning points of time and have been packed with events struggling to their birth in a new and previously unknown order of things affecting the destinies of men and nations. The last decade of the fifteenth century witnessed the discovery of this western world and the establishment here of the once mighty power of Spain. The latter years of the sixteenth century saw the first great repulse of this power by our own Anglo-Saxon race, and saw, too, in “the spacious times of great Elizabeth,” the dawning in England of that liberty which replaced the despotism of the last Plantagenets and the earlier Tudors. Just one hundred years from the time of the Armada constitutional government was at last firmly established in England as against personal rule. Still another hundred years passed away, and the end of the eighteenth century saw in the successful administration of the first President of the United States the completion of the work in which our forefathers struggled and fought, and it saw also the outbreak of those convulsive forces which constituted the French Revolution. And, surely, these penultimate years

of the nineteenth century must be regarded as fraught with their full share of importance, witnessing as they have done the final and not unpathetic leave-taking by the chivalry of Spain of this western world which it had brought to the knowledge of mankind; witnessing also great events which shall lead to the extension of civilization throughout the entire length of darkest Africa from Cairo to the Cape; and yet to witness that splendid effort in the annals of the world—if only an effort, yet how great an event—*faustum sit felixque*—the assembling of the Peace Congress with the object of giving rest to the peoples of the earth, so that “nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

And as it is with the affairs of nations, so also in the comparatively restricted fields of labor in which classes of men are severally engaged, they are instinctively led, if thoughtful at all, at such epochs as the close or the beginning of a century, to sum up what has been gained and to forecast what may be expected and hoped for.

It may be safely said that throughout the whole duration of medicine as a science studied or as an art practised among men, no period can be compared as to the number and the importance of its achievements with the century the close of which we are celebrating. Whether by small and gradual gains or by great and sudden accessions of knowledge, the medical science of to-day is so vastly in advance of what it was when this Faculty was founded that the difference is to be measured not by years only, but by a complete revolution both in our modes of dealing with disease and in our very conceptions, in many cases,

of what disease is. Dating from a point subsequent to the foundation of this Faculty, advances of many kinds have been made in the medical sciences themselves and in all branches of science bearing upon the practice of medicine. What precision in diagnosis has been attained; what extended knowledge of physiology and of animal chemistry has been gained; what additions to therapeutic resources have been discovered—in a word, what increase in definiteness of medical aims and what enlarged power of accomplishing those aims have resulted from the studies and labors of the last fifty years.

If we begin with a point almost exactly coincidental with the establishment of this Faculty a century ago, and come down the years, we find at successive intervals periods at each of which some important discovery has been made or some great advance in medical knowledge accomplished. The first of these, starting at the point indicated, is Vaccination. It is true that some of the observations and experiments from which Jenner drew his great philosophical deduction had been made previously to the last decade of the last century. A popular local belief existed that cowpox in some way and sometimes gave protection against smallpox, and in accordance with this belief there had been some cases of deliberate and successful vaccination. But it was Jenner's task to systematize the grounds of this imperfect and confused belief and to establish his great achievement upon the basis of extensive and accurate study and experiment. "The result of a casual and chance observation by certain peasants," it has been said, "was gradually matured into

a rational and scientific form by a mind deeply imbued with the best principles of sound philosophy." The first edition of Jenner's "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Variolæ Vaccinæ" was published in London in 1798. In the following year, that of our own foundation, the practice of vaccination began to spread throughout Europe, and in 1800 it was introduced into the United States.

"Boston and Baltimore," it has been said, "are rivals for the honor of establishing vaccination in America."

On the 8th of July, 1800, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, then Professor of Medicine in Harvard University, vaccinated his own family. In the same summer Dr. John Crawford of Baltimore, a member of this Faculty, obtained vaccine virus from Dr. Ring of London, and used it successfully here. In the spring of 1801 Dr. Waterhouse obtained his second supply of virus, and in the same spring Dr. James Smith of Baltimore, also a member of our Faculty, got his first supply, and, beginning the use of vaccination here on the first of May, 1801, was actively engaged in extending it over the whole of the United States; its advocacy by President Jefferson in Virginia and other Southern States, by Dr. Coxe in Philadelphia and Dr. Seaman in New York, being subsequent to its use in Baltimore by members of this Faculty.

The large majority of persons familiar with present conditions, but wholly ignorant of those which existed previously to Jenner's great discovery, are unable to appreciate the grandeur of his work. Its value has been challenged and denied even by some who, as regards

other questions, would seem capable of weighing evidence, but in this are unable, or unwilling, to estimate duly the evidential value of facts which are simply immeasurable in their multitude and overwhelming in their cogency.

It is remarked by an English historian that "if a modern traveler could find himself transported to the streets of London as they appeared in the early part of the present century (and in the last), it is probable that no peculiarity of architecture, dress or behavior would be to him so strikingly conspicuous as the enormous number of pock-marked visages he would encounter among the people at every turn. * * * That disease, over which science has since achieved a succession of glorious and beneficent victories, was then the most terrible of all the ministers of death. The havoc of the plague had been far more rapid, but the plague had visited our shores only once or twice within living memory, and the smallpox was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, tormenting with constant fears all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover." *

Such is the picture, drawn by an acute and fair-minded thinker and observer, of the evils from which Jenner wrought a great deliverance. What Jenner claimed was, to use his own words, that "vaccination, duly and efficiently

*Macaulay: *History of England*, Vol. IV, p. 269.

performed, will protect the constitution from subsequent attacks of smallpox as much as that disease itself will. I never expected it would do more, and it will not, I believe, do less." The experience of a century has fully established the truth of Jenner's prophecy, and at this time, when fanatics are striving to undo his work and to place mankind where they were before his day; when they have just succeeded in having repealed the legislative enactments for the systematic enforcement of vaccination made by the British Parliament in 1871, it behooves us to keep in mind for ourselves, and to make known to others, the great facts bearing upon the question which we know to be true and which cannot be gainsaid; such a fact, for an example of many that might be adduced, as that, whereas in the ten years from 1771 to 1780 the annual deaths from smallpox in England were five thousand and twenty for each million of the population, in a like period of ten years after the enforcement law was passed, from 1883 to 1892, the deaths from the same cause for each million were reduced to seventy-three. And when it is considered that, notwithstanding the best efforts, some persons, through perversity and ignorance—their own or their advisers'—have always succeeded in evading and escaping the operation of the law, it may fairly be held that, were it fully applied, the disease would be utterly abolished.

If we apply the annual death rate from smallpox as it was in England before the discovery of vaccination to this city of Baltimore, with its 500,000 population, as it would be without the protection of vaccination, there would occur,

according to a fair estimate, an annual mortality here from smallpox of 2,500 deaths. This does not include the still larger number who, escaping with their lives, would be left blinded or hideously deformed. The victims doomed to death would be fifty in every week. What is the actual fact? The actual fact is that there has been but one single death from the disease here in more than two years and that death occurred in an unvaccinated child.

These great changes have been wrought by the clear intellect and arduous labor of one man. What has been his reward? He was misrepresented, falsified and traduced by many of his contemporaries, as he has been by others since their day. His reward has not been found in the loud voices of popular applause, for untold multitudes whose lives he has saved have never known his name. Nor has it consisted in monuments of brass or marble, for, although "after considerable difficulty," as his friend and biographer pathetically said, "a statue of him was placed in the Cathedral of Gloucester," in that county in England which was the scene of his beneficent labors, yet another statue erected to him in Trafalgar Square, London, was removed (whether ever replaced for very shame I do not know) to make room for that of a successful soldier whose laurels were won, not *ob cives servatos*, but on fields red with slaughter. In such wise was Jenner's work requited. Was it not indeed a monumental instance of ingratitude? And yet how far above the reach of all obloquy and detraction is the glorious fame of the great discoverer of vaccination; how safely is his work garnered up in the great treasure-house with the deeds of all the good and just; and how

surely among the benefactors of humanity and amid the constellations of science will the name of Edward Jenner shine on as "the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever."

The next of the great advances in medicine of the first order belonging to this century is due, like the one just considered, to the philosophical intellect, the acuteness of observation, and the patient labor of one man. I refer to René Théodore Laennec, and I think it may be said without the least exaggeration that in the entire range of all branches of knowledge there is no more remarkable illustration of human ingenuity—nay, more, of human profundity of thought, and power of deducing the deep unknown from the superficial known—than is afforded by that science of auscultation which sprang forth almost perfect and complete—and there is the wonder of it—from the brain of one man, from the brilliant genius of Laennec. It is a science which has converted previously unheard, unheeded and confused sounds into an articulate language, speaking with logical precision and conveying truth with the certainty of mathematical demonstration. It was remarked by Rokitansky that "had Laennec done nothing else for medical science, his discovery of emphysema alone and of the causes giving rise to it would have been sufficient to render his name immortal." But, important as this contribution to medical knowledge was, it was a small and very limited part of Laennec's great achievements. There are, as is well known, passages in the writings of Hippocrates which show that he had practised the application of the ear to the chest in conditions

of thoracic disease, but his use of the method was very limited and led to no certainty of diagnosis. It may be said, too, that very many centuries after Hippocrates the treatise of Avenbrugger, "*Inventum ex percussione thoracis*," had been published in 1761. But though, when translated by Corvisart forty-seven years later, this may probably have suggested Laennec's work, it can hardly be regarded as having any closer relation to the full establishment of auscultatory diagnosis as a complete scientific system by Laennec than the voyage of Eric the Red to Greenland in the tenth century had to the great discovery of Columbus five hundred years later. He is the true discoverer who makes his discovery known, and brings from it practical results. The historians of astronomy tell us that the conception of gravitation among celestial bodies was formed before Newton, whose office it was to collect the vague ideas of others, and to prove and blend them together with a mathematical power at that time unequalled. In like manner, whatever in the same line of thought may have gone before, it is to Laennec's genius that the world owes a diagnostic method which is as powerful and as accurate a solvent of previously insoluble problems as the calculus is in the realm of mathematics.

In February, 1815, Laennec communicated to the *Societe de l'Ecole* his first results in auscultatory diagnosis. On the 30th of April following he read another paper on the same subject before the same body, and on May 15—an illustrious day in the history of medicine—he made his first essay with the stethoscope. April and May, 1815—memorable months for far different reasons of a most

memorable year. Consider the contrast between the events of the outside world at this time, when the embattled armies of Europe were being marshaled for the tremendous struggle which in a few weeks was to find its close in the carnage of Waterloo, and, on the other hand, the work of the quiet student within the wards of the Beaujon and Necker hospitals, earnest in his labors, constant in his duty, devout, as we are told he was, in his religious faith, strict in his adherence to the Catholic Church of his native land, bent upon the acquisition of knowledge which should lessen human suffering and save human lives. For in civilized nations there are comparatively few persons who have not at some time, and many of them many times, received the boon of health or the boon of life from knowledge contributed to mankind by Laennec. Ponder the contrast between the two scenes—the one familiar to all men, the other never thought of :

“Of two such lessons why forget

The nobler and the better one?”

“Hereafter,” says Senor Castelar, “the world will care more to know who gave man eternal light by the striking of the flint and steel, bringing him forth from the obscurity of his cave; to know who yoked the ox to the plow that the earth might give forth bread and wine; to know who brought quinine, the remedy for our fevers, from another hemisphere to our own, than to know who the warrior was whose helmet, steel cuirass, sword and spurs plainly show that he is to be inscribed among conquerors; that he is responsible for all sorts of violence; that he is to be classed among the enemies of liberty and

the persecutors of humanity ; whose place is not among the benefactors."

Consider, I repeat, the contrast. It is like the difference which exists between the confusion, turmoil and strife of the "corrupted currents of this world" and those blessed ministrations of good which may engage the serene and beneficent intelligences beyond the veil.

The fourth decade of this century was distinguished by an achievement of the first rank as to its importance in pathological science and as to its bearing on the treatment of diseases of very frequent occurrence. I refer to the great work of that illustrious physician, Richard Bright. As in the cases already spoken of, so also in this case, there were foreshadowings of the results of Bright's labors before his day, which, though valuable in their time, were faint and comparatively unimportant, and were completely effaced by the light following them. Bright's first work was given to the profession in 1837, and twenty years earlier Blackall had described the detection of albuminuria by chemical tests. But for the respect which is always due to the earliest rays of light shining into a surrounding darkness, and but for the sense of thankfulness which they prompt, we might almost smile at some of his utterances which appear such truisms to us, as when he remarks that "Van Helmont in his chapter on Dropsy has even pronounced the seat of this disease to be the kidneys themselves."

But Blackall's line of investigation stopped far short of the point which showed the relation of dropsy to organic renal disease; still less did it show the essential pathology

of nephritis and the various forms in which it occurs, or lead to any really valuable therapeutic measures. We are all so familiar now with conditions which have been made plain and easy to understand by the diagnostic measures of Laennec and by the pathological researches of Bright that it is hard to realize what our feelings would be when confronted with such cases if the work of Laennec and Bright had never been done. Consider the position of our predecessors in the last century—to go no further back—and in the earlier part of the present before that work was done. How inevitably must certain affections of the chest, bearing some resemblance to each other, but wholly unlike in the pathological conditions involved in them and in the treatment which they require, have been constantly and necessarily mistaken for each other, and often, no doubt, with disastrous results. How impossible, for example, without the aid of auscultation, must it have been in many cases to determine whether pneumonia or pleural effusion, whether hypertrophy or dilatation of the heart existed, and how wide is the difference in the treatment to be adopted accordingly as one or the other of these affections is present. Remember that at the time referred to the mode in which dilatation occasions cardiac dropsy was wholly unknown, as were also the manner of detecting such dilatation, and the marvelous powers of digitalis and iron to retard or relieve it. Remembering these things you may form some idea of the state of mind of the practitioners of those days, and the very best of them, when they encountered conditions which to us present the easiest of problems. Groping blindly in the dark without guides,

knowing of dangers with which they had to deal, but not knowing where they lay or whence they sprang, they were entangled in a perplexity involving the dread issues of life and death. In their fears and misgivings they may almost without exaggeration be likened to Dante when he found himself wandering in the mazes of the gloomy wood:

"Even to tell
It were no easy task, how savage, wild
That forest." *

If you would seek a further and a local parallel in the realm of imagination, strive to picture to yourselves the scene which would be presented if all the temples of religion, the schools of literature, art and science, the marts of trade, the memorial monuments and the countless homes which cover and adorn the hills of this fair metropolis of Maryland were blotted out and replaced by the trackless forests and the waste wilderness which once were here. Do this, and you will have no inadequate figure of the tasks with which our forefathers had to deal. But from this obscurity and perplexity the medicine of to-day has wholly emerged, and among all its achievements none rests upon a firmer basis of scientific accuracy than the diagnosis of the causal conditions producing the various dropsical effusions. And along with this increased knowledge of the true nature of these maladies there has grown up a vastly enlarged power of relieving them, so that in some, the dropsy of acute tubular nephritis, for example, attended perhaps with a pulmonary œdema threatening life, there will result from proper treatment a perfect recovery, with entire restoration

* *Inferno*, Cant. I, 3, Cary's Translation.

of function and structure, and in others, not admitting of such complete cure, great alleviation of distress and prolongation of life may yet be effected.

The decade of this century immediately following that of Bright's first work, the period that is between 1840 and 1850, constituted the splendid era of the discovery and the practical application of anesthetics. These have drawn as deep a line of demarcation between the present and the past as any discovery ever made by our science or by all sciences. Nothing ever known among men has gone so far towards the fulfilment of the blessed prophecy still awaiting ultimate completion—"Neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." Into the controversy whether Dr. Jackson or Dr. Morton, both of Boston, is entitled to the distinction of being the discoverer of the anesthetic power of ether it is impossible now to enter. Let it suffice to say that the first operation ever rendered painless by ether was performed by Dr. Morton on the 30th of September, 1846, and on the 16th and 17th of October of that year Dr. Warren and Dr. Hayward of the Massachusetts General Hospital made the first public use of ether in surgical operations. In the following year, 1847, Dr.—afterwards Sir James—Simpson of Edinburgh satisfied himself by many experiments as to the power and value of chloroform as an anesthetic and gave his discovery to the profession and the world.

It is, however, not only the mere obliteration of pain under conditions in which it would be most acute and most appalling that is accomplished by anesthetics, but, besides this consideration, vastly important as it is, the use of these

agents makes surgical aid feasible, and indeed easy, for troubles which could not be dealt with or reached without them.

The discovery of anesthetics is then one of the causes to which the rapid advances and wondrous achievements of modern surgery are due. Another cause is found in the rise and development of bacterial pathology. In this field a large number of able and earnest workers have been engaged—Pasteur, and Koch, and Eberth, Fraenkel, Friedlander, Lister, Klebs, Loeffler, Pfeiffer, Haffkine, and others—who have demonstrated the bacterial causes of some most important affections, such as tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, influenza, plague, and some others. Further investigation and experimentation along the lines which they have laid down are very sure to lead to improvements in the treatment of these affections, such as has already taken place in so conspicuous a degree in the case of diphtheria. Important as this system of pathology is in surgery, it is no less so in medicine, whether in the study of causation or for the purpose of diagnosis, prognosis, treatment, or, best of all, prevention of disease.

The story of the discovery of the various forms of organisms productive of disease—micro-organisms, or microbes, as they are called—is one of the most interesting as it is one of the most surprising chapters in the history of science. That there are harmful agencies in nature was, of course, a familiar thought—such agencies as the deadly poison of strychnia and aconite, which yet, from a medical standpoint, have “a soul of goodness in

things evil," but it was a new thought that we are surrounded by all-pervasive, subtle, mysterious energies and agencies of evil, which are found to be the causes of manifold and most perilous diseases. New, and yet perhaps not wholly so, for possibly they are not altogether fanciful who have found in the bacterial pathology of our day the revival and the establishment upon a scientific basis of direct observation of the teaching of an ancient school of medicine which held that many maladies were caused by evil agencies entering the body from without. Whether *daimones*, demons, as they were then called, or bacteria, as we know them in modern phrase, is perhaps a question of terms only. But it is certainly curious to note how some of the characteristics of the bacteria correspond with those spoken of in old books and commonly regarded as belonging to the *daimones*. Thus, in view of their almost infinite multitude, they may be called *legion*, for they are many. *Powers* they are of tremendous potency, as witness the fearful ravages of tuberculosis, of cholera, of plague, of smallpox already referred to, of typhoid fever, of diphtheria, of scarlatina, of meningitis, and others still. And though we may not term them malevolent in themselves, yet surely they are maleficent; and "*powers of the air*," for they inhabit and traverse it and are borne by it—some of them at least—upon their evil missions; "*powers of darkness*," too, for many of them, the existence of which on grounds of analogy we know, are involved in as yet unpenetrated obscurity, from which others, touched by the Ithuriel's spear of science, have been dragged forth, revealed in their true

nature and, happily, often robbed of their power for harm, as in the coming century will surely be the case with others of the evil brood.

The splendid victories of modern surgery are due, then, chiefly to these two things—the discovery of anesthetics and the rise and development of the bacterial pathology, with its corollary, antiseptics. And the magnificence of these victories who can compute?—whether they be estimated by the restorations which they have accomplished from imminent peril or certain death to health and vigor and all that gives value and sweetness to life—the recall from the very verge of the grave to “the warm precincts of the cheerful day”—or estimated again by the aggregate of time added to human lives, which, on the most moderate calculation of the multitudes of those restored, their average age and their fair expectancy of life, is without doubt to be numbered by hundreds of thousands of years.

But, speaking from the standpoint of the physician, trusting that I may not be regarded as too much

“Like the dyer’s hand,
Subdued to that it works in,”

holding the labors of my colleagues, the surgeons, in the fullest measure of honor which they so eminently deserve, I would yet enter this plea in behalf of modern medicine, that the work of surgery would not be what it is without the aid of those purely medical appliances, anesthetics and antiseptics. The handwork, the *chirurgia*, the surgery, would be the same or nearly so, but the winning of the day is from the alliance with the auxiliary forces of medicine.

Within the domain of medical practice itself these same agents are of equal importance as in surgery, and to them are to be added numerous therapeutic resources wholly unknown in the last century and many of them not known until comparatively a few years ago. Among them are the bromides in neurotic diseases, arsenic in pernicious anæmia, the salicylates and the alkalies in rheumatism, the skilled use of digitalis, which has in such great degree superseded its former empirical employment; the anti-toxine treatment of diphtheria, the hydro-therapeutic treatment of typhoid fever—these are some of the advances made in modern medicine. And there is the power of the hypodermic needle in calculus, hepatic or renal, and the other manifold forms of pain—how truly it is, in the words of an old tragedian, “the sleep-giver to suffering mortals.” There, too, is the amyl-nitrite, bringing instant relief even in the supreme agony of angina, that pain which seems not of the body only, but of the very spirit itself, to which we may perhaps apply the words of that great master of the English language, Cardinal Newman—

“That sense of ruin which is worse than pain;
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes one man”—

and yet under this assuaging balm it passes away and both body and spirit have rest.

These are some of the gifts which the medical and surgical science of the nineteenth century lays down as its tribute at the feet of humanity. And they are all good gifts. Other sciences have in the same time made great advances, more brilliant perhaps, more striking to the

imagination than those of medicine. But in themselves they are in many cases ethically indifferent, having no moral bearing whether towards good or evil. In fact, some of the greatest discoveries and gains in knowledge made by men are capable of perverted use. The printing press itself, or, going far back of that, "the letters Cadmus gave," infinite as are the blessings they have bestowed, have yet been only too often instruments of evil. It is an excellent thing to be able to cross the ocean in five days, to traverse the land at the rate of a mile a minute, to converse at the end of a wire with Chicago or Duluth, perhaps soon with Hawaii or Manila. But steamships may transport mission-priests and Bibles, or, on the other hand, maxim guns to oppose bows and arrows; telegraphs and telephones may transmit messages of mercy and good-will, or, again, they may promote stock gambling and deliver consequent maledictions. Phonographs may store up and pour into the ears of future generations the very words of the greatest divines and the greatest statesmen, of a Liddon or a Gladstone, or they may utter the ribaldry of the demagogue or the atheist.

But the objects of medical art and science, and the results which they accomplish, are wholly good and good alike to all. What though they are bestowed equally upon the idle and profligate as upon the wise and virtuous—they are in this only like the blessed gifts of the sun, which riseth on the evil and on the good, and the rain, which is sent on the just and on the unjust. All are partakers of their bounty, and from none is their hand withheld. Their whole purpose towards mankind is that

they may have life and that they may have it more abundantly.

The things which have been accomplished in the medical sciences during the last one hundred years thus cursorily reviewed are the promise and the earnest of still better things which the coming century will see. Though much has been accomplished, much remains to be done, and the attainments of this present time may hereafter seem but faint beginnings in comparison with what will then have been achieved. A broader light will surely illumine much that is now obscure. More delicate methods of investigation than any we now possess will foreshadow impending diseases or detect them at earlier and more remediable periods of their courses. The poisons by which "the life of all the blood is touched corruptibly" will be more thoroughly known and more effectively guarded against, expelled or neutralized by their own antitoxins. Epidemic diseases, the nature and origin of which are involved in obscurity, the pestilence that now "walketh in darkness," will be set in clear light to be blotted from the sum of human ills forever. Anesthetics which shall charm away pains without any jeopardy to life will then be known. The great subject of neuropathology, now almost in its infancy, will be developed far beyond its present limits, not only through increased knowledge of the special functions of different portions of the brain, but by the power which may then be possessed of tracing the earliest disturbances in vascular and glandular action to altered innervation.

Of some of these things we are on the verge, and

many others will assuredly come of which we now hardly dream, but which will be acquired by the faithful pursuance of methods like those now used.

Another hundred years will roll away ; another centennial of our Faculty may be celebrated, and if at that time those of the present day shall be regarded as

"The ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times,"

it will yet be looked back upon as a morning not clouded over with the mists of error, prejudice and superstition, but bright with the radiant promise of those good things which then will be living realities.

Let it be remembered always that the gains to medicine, whether in the way of therapeutic resources or improvement in diagnostic means or in wider pathological knowledge, have been contributed by those who have been or are themselves workers in medical science or in the allied sciences. In no single case has anything of value been supplied to it by any system of charlatanry or by any heretical school which has sought to raise itself into rivalry with legitimate medicine. As it has done in the past, so in the future medical science will continue to use and appropriate to its purposes all contributions which may be supplied to it by chemistry, biology, electricity and other departments of advancing science ; but the peculiar, the proper work of medicine is the study of disease and the application of remedies.

On its theoretical side it is engaged always, to use Milton's noble words, "in seeking the bright countenance of truth in the pure air of delightful study," and on its

practical side in giving relief to the suffering and, so far as in it lies, deliverance and safety to those who are ready to perish.

Fellow members of this Faculty, let us pledge ourselves and those who shall succeed us in the coming century to more and more strenuous and faithful work in our calling, and let us be thankful to God for having given us the privilege and the blessing of being engaged in its labors.

NATHAN RYNO SMITH.

NATHAN RYNO SMITH.

*Mr. President and Fellow-Alumni
of the University of Maryland :*

By the too partial judgment of some members of our association, to whose wishes I could not but assent, the duty has been committed to me of preparing for this occasion an account of the life and labors of the late distinguished ornament and acknowledged head of our profession, Dr. Nathan Ryno Smith.

When I consider the position occupied by this eminent man, in the esteem of all his colleagues and in the affections of those whose privilege it was to know him more closely than in the relations of professional usage and courtesy, I shrink from the task of endeavoring to portray a character which has stamped itself upon the minds and hearts of many here present. For I am well aware that I must inevitably come far short of that high ideal of professional excellence and of moral worth which every one in contemplating my subject has formed for himself, and by comparison with which any picture that my pen can draw shall be indeed a "counterfeit presentment."

A distinguished critic of our own time, in entering upon the discussion of the last work of a great philosopher who in early life had devoted himself to the study of medicine and had but recently passed away, has confessed

that he felt unequal to the judicial task of pronouncing upon the labors of one in whose behalf his emotions were so enlisted that he could not trust his judgment. "All the lines of that venerable countenance are before us," he says ; "all the little peculiar cadences of that voice from which scholars and statesmen loved to receive the lessons of a serene and benevolent wisdom, are in our ears." And so, in whatever relation I consider our departed chieftain, whether as a clear and perspicuous teacher, as a skilled and successful surgeon and physician, or as a most kind and considerate friend, all the lines of his venerable countenance are before me ; and while seeking to analyze his professional character and work, I confess that however much entitled to respect, admiration and gratitude they may be, I must needs be guided more by feeling than by judgment.

The memories of many here can without aid supply such pictures as those to which my thoughts revert. You can recall Professor Smith as he appeared so often in consultation ; and who that has enjoyed the advantage of his counsels, can ever forget the courteous deference which he always showed for the opinions even of his juniors ; his readiness to aid them in bearing their burdens ; or that rare diagnostic skill with which he seemed to reach his conclusions almost by intuition ?

In your minds' eye you can see him discoursing in the amphitheatre, in the attitude of dignity and command which always belonged to him. As he illustrates and enforces his teaching, he points to the diagrams on the wall, and his wand must always be at hand, for, like the

magician's divining rod, it seems to have some mystic connection with the exercise of his powers. Or again, he is going his early morning rounds through the hospital wards, setting in clear light the leading points in the cases before him; mingling his words of instruction to the students with those of kindness and encouragement to the sick, and often of gentle humor, if the patient chance to be a child. Such are some of the many pictures which our memories may recall.

Nathan R. Smith was born on the 21st of May, 1797, in the town of Cornish, on the banks of the Connecticut river in New Hampshire, where his father, Dr. Nathan Smith, afterwards Professor of Physic and Surgery in Yale College, had been for ten years engaged in the practice of his profession. Biography has often found a not unnatural interest in tracing the influences that country and climate may have exerted upon its subjects, as well as those which are due to hereditary transmission. It is no doubt of importance to inquire, in studying the life of any man, what have been the means by which his mind has been shaped for the pursuits to which it has been applied, and what share such influences have had in moulding it and giving it the bent it has taken; how far they may have favored the course that has been followed up in after years, or, on the other hand, to what degree they have been inimical to it, and needing therefore to be resisted and overcome.

The region of New England in which Nathan Smith the elder was born and passed a large portion of his life, was in its combination of mountains, rivers and lakes, and

in the austerity of its soil and climate, not unlike the "Caledonia stern and wild," whence many of its original settlers came, and whose character has often been stamped upon the children of its soil with an impress traceable for generations. Here too it might then have been said that—

"Its bleak hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword."

It was a school of hard endurance, and of continual conflict with nature, and with foes more savage than nature in her sternest mood. And accordingly we find that Nathan Smith at one time joined the Vermont soldiery organized to repel the Indian invasions that constantly threatened the frontiers of the State. On one occasion he narrowly escaped death from a shot fired by an Indian lying in ambush. It is not known how long he was engaged in this service; but in after-life he frequently referred to the struggles and hardships of this early campaign carried on by the pioneers of civilization against the inroads of savage foes.

Besides this actual warfare, he was engaged in other pursuits incident to the time and the unsettled state of the country, which tended to produce habits of fortitude and endurance. A portion of his time was occupied in destroying beasts of prey that infested the neighborhood of his early home, and this necessary work was often diversified by the excitements and pleasures of a hunter's life. It was the custom for parties of young men to be absent from home for many days on such expeditions. On one of these excursions it is stated that "he was left

by his companions in midwinter at a distance from home with a slender stock of provisions. While waiting for their return his supplies were exhausted, and, what was more unfortunate, a sudden thaw came on which, softening the surface of the snow, then many feet in depth, rendered traveling impracticable. Here he was detained several days, subsisting entirely on the unsalted flesh of some game he had taken. By the time the impediments to traveling were removed he was suffering, in consequence of exposure and improper food, with severe and distressing disease. With difficulty he reached the nearest house, at which, and afterwards at his father's, he was for many months confined by sickness." *

Such were the schools in which we may suppose he learned his early lessons in that boldness and self-reliance which were afterwards his prominent qualities as a surgeon, and which he transmitted in as large a degree as he himself possessed them, to his son.

Leading thus a life of industry and bold adventure, he attained his twenty-fourth year, when an event occurred which turned his thoughts into a new channel, and led him to embrace the profession of medicine, of which for more than forty years he was a distinguished member.

Things small in themselves have often a far-reaching significance. The event referred to was his presence at a surgical operation performed by Dr. Joseph Goodhue, then the most noted surgeon in that part of New England. We know not what it was; but however trivial its nature may have been, it was of

*Address by Prof. Knight of Yale College.

importance as determining perhaps not only his own course in life, but that of his sons, his grandsons, and possibly of generations in the descending line of surgeons yet to be. Such was the impression made upon his mind by what he then witnessed, and so much were his curiosity and interest excited, that he expressed to Dr. Goodhue his desire to study medicine, and asked to be received in his office as a student. The aptitude and promise that he showed seem at once to have favorably impressed his future preceptor; and after having followed the advice then given in regard to a course of preliminary study, he remained for three years under Dr. Goodhue's instruction. On completing this term of study, he began the practice of his profession at Cornish. His natural endowments, aided by the vigor and industry with which he devoted himself to professional study and labor, placed him in advance of the large majority of the medical men with whom he came into competition. Throughout the provincial portions of the country, medical education was then very imperfect, and professional skill and knowledge were far behind what had been attained in the larger towns. Distinction might therefore have been cheaply won in a contest with what was lower than mediocrity. But conscience and pride alike forbade Nathan Smith to seek a level only just above ignorance and pretentiousness; and so with the desire of acquiring the principles of science as taught in the first school of learning in the country, he repaired to Harvard University, and attended there the courses of lectures on Medicine, Surgery, and Natural Philosophy.

At the end of the term he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, after submitting an inaugural thesis on the "Circulation of the Blood," which was of such merit that it was published by direction of the Faculty. Returning then to Cornish with ampler knowledge and resources, he resumed his practice. And once again, in later life, with the desire of fitting himself the better for a special duty that he had undertaken, he left a practice which had then become large and lucrative, and spent a year partly in London and partly in Edinburgh, to whose school the teaching of Monroe and Black had given a reputation which caused it to be recognized as a fountain-head of medical knowledge.

The special occasion of this sojourn abroad was the establishment at Dartmouth College of a medical school which Dr. Smith had himself projected, and in which he was appointed Professor of Medicine and Surgery. The ability which he here displayed as a teacher, together with his established fame as a physician and surgeon, naturally suggested his name to the authorities of Yale College, when the medical department of that seat of learning was founded in 1813. He accepted the chair to which he was invited in that institution, and delivered there an annual course of lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery and Physic until his death in 1828.

I have dwelt thus at length on the chief incidents in the life of Nathan Smith the elder, because it foreshadowed his son's career, and because it is interesting to see how the two lives viewed in connection with each other illustrate the unchecked working of the law of heredity, the

free play of which is so often interfered with by various circumstances of life. Some of the qualities which go to the making of a surgeon would seem to be readily transmissible by descent—those, namely, which belong to the physical side of human nature, such as keenness of eye, celerity and ease of movement, and that ambidexterity to which Celsus gave so high a place in his summary of a surgeon's endowments. The tendency to hereditary resemblance in mental faculties may be just as strong; but possibly from the greater delicacy and more complex character of the organ which is the instrument of intellectual action, the balance and proportion of its parts may be more easily disturbed; and there is often seen in children a wider departure from the mental level of the parents, sometimes in the way of improvement, and sometimes of deterioration, than is the case with their physical structure. Some of you have seen the likeness of the elder Smith, and if with the recollection of the form and features there delineated you turn to the majestic portrait of the son which stands before you to-night, you can see the same earnestness of purpose, the same enterprise without rashness, boldness tempered with caution and self-confidence, which grew out of the possession of large resources and the knowledge that they were always ready for use.

The words which the late Professor N. R. Smith, in a brief sketch, wrote of his father might with equal truth be applied to himself. "In the practice of surgery," he says, "Professor Smith displayed an original and inventive mind. His friends claim for him the establishment of

scientific principles and the invention of resources in practice which will stand as lasting monuments of a mind fertile in expedients and unshackled by the dogmas of the schools."

It is curious and interesting to see in these words with what accuracy, while describing his father, he was unconsciously drawing a portrait of himself.

During the residence of the elder Smith at Cornish, his son, the subject of these remarks, was born. In that town and in Dartmouth he passed the earlier years of a life which was to be devoted to his father's calling, and in which he was destined to win a reputation as great as that which had crowned his father's surgical career. His early education was received at Dartmouth, and in 1813 he entered Yale College as a freshman, being graduated there in 1817 at the age of twenty.

After completing his academic course, and before beginning his professional studies, he spent about a year and a half in Virginia as classical tutor in the family of Mr. Thomas Turner of Fauquier County, a gentleman of worth and social eminence. To this sojourn in the South may perhaps be ascribed his first early attachment to the Southern people, and his strong interest in Southern institutions and politics, which naturally increased during the many years of his residence in Baltimore, and which in after-life developed into the intense feeling that he manifested in the disastrous years of the decline and fall of the Southern cause. On returning from Virginia he began the study of medicine in Yale College, where his father then held the chair of

Physic and Surgery, and here in 1823 he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

A question then much discussed, which as a question is now chiefly of antiquarian interest, while its results are of immense importance, was whether the first changes in many conditions of disease, and the effects also of medicines, are wrought through the blood, or are always due to a primary impression on the nervous system. This question had not then been settled by the classical experiments of Magendie and of Brodie, and the theory of nerve propagation as against the sound physiological doctrine of absorption was still maintained by many. It is interesting therefore to find that the young student of 1823, in his inaugural thesis in which he discussed this subject, embraced and defended the true view that has been substantiated by the labors and reasonings of the great physiologists referred to. A few years later, in 1827, he pursued the subject further, and we find his experiments referred to by Professor Stillé in his valuable work on Therapeutics, along with those of Magendie, Sir Everard Home and others.*

In 1824 Dr. Smith began the practice of his profession in Burlington, Vermont; and in the following year he was appointed to the professorship of Surgery and Anatomy in the University of Vermont, the medical department of which was organized mainly through his own exertions, aided however by his father, who, while still discharging the duties of his chair in Yale, spent some weeks in Burlington as the colleague of his son.

*Stillé, Vol. 1, p. 51.

The winter of 1825-26 he passed in Philadelphia, with the view of qualifying himself the better for his position as a teacher by attending the lectures and observing the modes of instruction at the University of Pennsylvania. But events so shaped themselves that what was intended to be only a temporary sojourn, resulted in a final departure from his New England home, where he never returned to reside. Soon after going to Philadelphia he became acquainted with Dr. George McClellan, who, though not connected with the University of Pennsylvania, was well known as an able surgeon and anatomist, and gave private instruction to many pupils. This gentleman was at the time associated with other physicians in laying the foundations of the Jefferson Medical School, destined afterwards to enter into distinguished and honorable rivalry with the older University. Such was the impression made upon him and his colleagues by the ability and professional knowledge of Dr. Smith, that they invited him to unite with them in their enterprise, and tendered to him the chair of Anatomy in the new school.

This position he held for two sessions, and it is interesting to note that during his incumbency he counted among his pupils two gentlemen who afterwards attained, and happily still live to enjoy, a world-wide reputation in their profession. One of these was the present illustrious head of American Surgery, the Coryphæus of his order, Professor Samuel D. Gross. And some of you will remember how on that day ten years ago, when the profession in Baltimore had assembled to do honor to its chief, and to welcome him home on his return from

European travel, the great surgeon of the sister city united with us in our ovation and partook in our rejoicing. As we saw them side by side, "the good grey heads that all men knew," they seemed to be brothers, separated by no long interval of years; and nowhere in the world could there have been found fitter exponents than they of the learning and skill which have created the science and art of surgery. The other pupil to whom I refer was Dr. Washington L. Atlee, the distinguished ovariologist, whose labors in the advancement of American gynecology are everywhere held in deserved honor.

I may mention also in this connection still another of Prof. Smith's early pupils, Dr. Charles A. Luzenberg, the first Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Jefferson College, who, after obtaining great distinction in New Orleans as a physician and surgeon, and as the founder of the University of Louisiana, died many years ago at the early age of forty-three. This gentleman has been described to me by Professor Gross as "one of the most brilliant men our profession has ever produced."

Dr. Smith's connection with the Jefferson School was not of long duration. The chair of Anatomy in the School of Medicine of the University of Maryland became vacant by the resignation of Professor Granville Sharp Pattison in 1827; and the position was tendered to Professor Smith, and accepted. The advantages of the change seemed obvious. The Jefferson School was then in its infancy, and our own University, although

these events occurred more than half a century ago, had been in successful operation for twenty years, and had already attained its wide celebrity throughout the South and West. And besides, the chair of surgery was apparently in near succession to that of anatomy, and when attained would be more directly in the line of advancement in professional practice; and the field for surgical ambition was then much less occupied in Baltimore than in Philadelphia. His decision was therefore made; in 1827 he came to this city to begin his duties as a teacher, and was soon engaged in extensive surgical and medical practice. On the death of Professor John B. Davidge, in 1829, Professor Smith was at once transferred to the chair of Surgery. In Baltimore he found a congenial home; fifty years of his life were completed here, and when at the age of four-score he was laid to rest among us, his name had been for whole lifetimes a household word throughout our State. From the Alleghanies to the Chesapeake, no one was more thoroughly in heart and feeling a son of the soil, more truly a Marylander, than he.

About 1838, Professor Smith accepted an appointment to the chair of Practice of Medicine in the Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, which necessitated his absence from Baltimore for about four months in the year. His residence here was, however, never given up. At the close of each session of the western school during the few years of his connection with it, he returned here and resumed his professional work. Kentucky was then a western state, and the journeys to and fro were far

more serious matters than they now are. This frequent travel and the establishment of another centre of influence and reputation, brought him into contact with men distinguished in public life. It was in one of his sojourns in Kentucky that he became acquainted with Henry Clay, whom he afterwards received as a welcome and honored guest at his own house in this city. Professional engagements in Washington gave him other opportunities of meeting that distinguished man, and there also he formed an acquaintance with the great statesman of the north, Daniel Webster. I may mention here parenthetically, for there is a moral to the story, that Professor Smith has spoken of the very imperfect notion betrayed by Mr. Webster in conversation with him of the nature and mechanism of the circulation of the blood; while yet he showed a desire to profit by his opportunity, and repair his defective knowledge. Surely an important lesson may be derived from a fact like this; for if he, who by the consent of all was one of the ablest and most widely informed men of his time, was thus unacquainted with the fundamental physiological fact upon which rational medicine rests, how little is the judgment of even the more educated among the laity to be regarded in any medical question. And yet how readily and flippantly do we often see such judgment given. Persons will generally admit their scanty knowledge of jurisprudence, and sometimes even of theology; but how many there are ready to do battle, *a outrance*, on behalf of mesmerism, eclecticism, and the countless *pathies* and follies which flourish only because ignorance is ever the ready victim of fraud.

It has been seen that Professor Smith was connected for brief periods with three other schools of medicine; one in Vermont, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Kentucky. But it was in the position which he filled for nearly fifty years as Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland, that his life-work was mainly done; and it is in association with this school that his name will live in the annals of American Surgery. Soon after coming here he prepared his work on the Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries, which brought his name prominently before the profession; from his chair in this school he gave to surgery his lithotome; here he invented the apparatus which he himself regarded as his chief contribution to surgical appliances, I mean, of course, his anterior splint; and here, as his last offering to science, he published his work on Fractures of the Lower Extremity.

It is needless in an assembly of medical men, a large proportion of whom have been Professor Smith's pupils, to give any description of those instruments, the lithotome and the splint, which are especially and inseparably associated with his name. No higher or more fitting tribute could be paid to the merit of the former of these inventions than is found in the fact that Professor Alan P. Smith, in a series of fifty-two consecutive cases of lithotomy—an experience almost, if not quite, without parallel in the annals of surgery—has used his father's lithotome in all but six cases, and attributes his success in large measure to the instrument employed. And in regard to the anterior splint, it is, I think, generally

agreed among surgeons who have had much experience with it, that in the many cases to which it is adapted, the two objects of ensuring immediate comfort to the patient and ultimate freedom from deformity, are better accomplished with it than with any other appliance known.

When Professor Smith came here he was young; reputation was still to be achieved, and his professional appointment was no doubt an aid in obtaining work and fame. The obligation to the University which he thus incurred was, however, amply repaid by his steadfast efforts to advance her interests, and by the lustre which, during a long course of years he reflected upon her. His success redounded to her credit; his genius and his fame have been, and will continue to be, her proud possession.

As fellow alumni we may rightfully claim that our Alma Mater is held in honor throughout the land. Young graduates, who today have won your academic laurels, let it be your constant effort to maintain the reputation handed down to you from the past; to adorn the Sparta in which with other generations you have a common birthright. Go where you may, you will find some of your brothers of preceding years occupying positions among the foremost medical men of America. In both the military and naval branches of the public service, distinguished representatives of which we welcome here to-night; in the professorial chairs of other schools; and in the many responsible posts filled by trusted and experienced practitioners; in all these spheres of duty you will encounter your fellow-graduates; and

wherever you may feel the grasp of a brother's hand to welcome you, there you will find a heart in which Nathan R. Smith is held in honored and grateful remembrance.

The qualities by which he won his professional position were such as in their aggregate constitute genius perhaps; or if there be such a thing as genius without them, be sure that they will carry their possessor further in the race than genius by itself. These qualities were great acuteness of perception, an extraordinary power of adaptation to circumstances as they might arise, promptness of action, which sees what is needed to be done and straightway does it, making "the firstlings of the heart to be the firstlings of the hand"; and, above all, indomitable, untiring industry. The combination of traits that he possessed could hardly be better expressed than in a saying of Lord Tenterden about Sir Thomas Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, that "he had industry enough to succeed without talents, and talents enough to succeed without industry." And yet with his great gifts there was about him a remarkable simplicity of character, and a transparent ingenuousness which was as incapable of affectation as of falsehood. On his face were always apparent the "*bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ.*"

His time was constantly occupied; for professional work came to him in large measure, both directly from those needing his services, and also through other medical men who were glad to profit by his counsels. And yet he never aimed at that overwhelming practice

which robs life of all rational enjoyment, and in which the quality of the work done is but too apt to be in the inverse proportion to its quantity.

Nor was it his object to amass a large fortune, such as has often been made by men in his profession of far less abilities than his. While his work secured to him the ample means which industry applied in a large sphere always commands, and while there were many appeals made by charity to his large-hearted generosity which he was ever ready to answer, he would yet have esteemed it a debasement of skill and knowledge to make the acquisition of money the prime object of his exertions. He seemed ever to be actuated by the spirit which Bacon, in these pregnant words, commends to the consciences of all who are engaged in professional work :

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto."

I can indeed imagine no higher or nobler success than that which crowned Professor Smith's professional life; for it was nothing less than his elevation by the willing suffrages of all his brethren to the post of leader and chief among them.

In 1867, when he had completed his seventieth year, Professor Smith made his first and only visit to Europe, for the purpose of obtaining rest and relief from the effects which the unremitting labor of a life-time had

begun to produce upon his vigorous constitution. Though he had no professional objects in view, but traveled only for relaxation and amusement, it was but natural that his attention should be turned to subjects which had been the chief interests of his life. He visited accordingly many of the noted European hospitals; and as his reputation had long preceded him, he was everywhere cordially welcomed by the most distinguished surgeons of Great Britain and the continent. No greeting was warmer, or in his after recollection gave him greater pleasure, than that which he received from that excellent and accomplished gentleman and illustrious surgeon, Sir James Paget.

He returned home in October of that year, strengthened and refreshed to some degree. But painful disease and the infirmities of age soon began to press upon him, so that he was compelled to devote less attention to his professional work; yet he did not entirely withdraw from practice until the last few months before his death. Even during this period of weakness and suffering his active mind seemed never to be idle. Part of his time was occupied in office consultations, part in preparing a work on Surgery, which, had he left it far enough advanced for publication, would no doubt have been of great value as embodying the results of his remarkable faculties of observation and his vast experience.

Professional subjects occupied a large share of his thoughts; but he was always interested in general literature, and the classic tastes which he had formed in early life proved to him a source of refined pleasure. When

we consider what he loved in literature and what he achieved in science, these tastes may be regarded perhaps as a protest in behalf of a system of mental training under which the greatest minds of the Anglo-Saxon race have been moulded, and which it is too much the fashion in our day to treat as obsolete and destined to be superseded by other methods.

The books which in his later years seemed to give him most delight were Homer, chiefly in Lord Derby's translation, the *Æneid*, and Plutarch's *Lives*.

And there were more important themes to which in his declining years his thoughts constantly turned. It was a saying of the wise Chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus that "some space should intervene between the active business of life and its close"—"*inter negotia vitæ et supremam ejus finem oportet esse aliquid spatii.*" Well were it if such space for contemplation were always accorded; for the tumult and the toil of busy life are not favorable for calm reflection. But as the period draws on in which, as an old writer says,

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made—

then subjects which in earlier years are too often put aside, or made light of, come out in bold relief and assume their true proportions.

Professor Smith's views on the subjects of man's immaterial being and its destinies in the future, which at one period of his life were unsettled, took afterwards a definite character, as he directed more attention to these themes. Upon these subjects I know from very many

conversations with him in the past few years, that it would be his wish that the convictions of his mind should be made known to his professional brethren, and I cannot but regard it as a sacred duty to communicate them. He had looked much into the literature in which Positivism and the various forms of Agnosticism, as it has been termed, have been so prolific in our day, and he has told me that he found in them nothing to satisfy him. He inquired of them and found them wanting. Apart from the fact that such philosophies are ill-adapted to the higher needs of man's spiritual being, I believe that, without having given special attention to formal logic, he detected by an intuitive process, as it were, the fallacies abounding in many modern works which are erroneously supposed to represent the attitude of science itself. There is an able and laborious school of scientists, not the most intellectual, however, nor the most profoundly philosophic, whose greatest blemish is an intense dogmatism which demands acceptance as demonstrated truths, of what are at best only plausible but wholly unverified hypotheses.

No doubt a cautious use of the deductive method is a most valuable aid to investigation and research; but it is sometimes pushed too far, so that imagined discoveries are made to square with and lend support to a preconceived theory not really resting upon an adequate foundation. This fault has lately received a well-merited reproof from one whose words should have weight with men of science, and especially with physicians; I mean the distinguished Virchow of Berlin, whose thinking

on all subjects is certainly free and unrestricted by any shackles of theologic dogma.*

Professor Smith perceived this too prevalent error; and he saw also what is often misapprehended, that the doubting frame of mind is not in itself the highest or the final state to be attained. It is not doubting, but, as Aristotle taught, it is doubting *well*, which belongs to true philosophy.

For all his doubts and difficulties, and for all the "obstinate questionings" which will arise in every thinking mind, our friend and colleague found that best solution which is offered by the Christian faith. This he accepted in its fulness. In the pain and suffering of which he had largely to partake, he found his solace and his support, not in the thought of all that he had done to allay the anguish and relieve the distress of others—though he, if

* See the speech of Prof. Virchow at the annual meeting of German Natural Philosophers and Physicians, at Munich, September 22, 1877, in reply to Dr. Haeckel, and the extreme position assumed by the latter upon the question of Development. The following passage is of value as showing the judgment of so able a scientist as Virchow, upon a hypothesis for which full acceptance is claimed by many biologists, although it is supported only by inferential arguments without any direct evidence. "You are aware," says Prof. Virchow, "that I am now specially pursuing the study of Anthropology. . . . Man may stand in some connection with the animal world; but I am bound to declare that every positive advance which we have made in the province of pre-historic anthropology has actually removed us further from the proof of this connection. . . . Every increase in our possession of the objects which furnish materials for discussion, *has removed us further from the hypothesis propounded*. We cannot teach, we cannot pronounce it to be a conquest of science that man has descended from any other animal."

This is in effect the judgment of the French Academy upon the same hypothesis; *c'est brillant, mais ce n'est pas scientifique*.

VIRCHOW

any one, might have felt satisfaction in such a thought—but in the one source of comfort and pardon and peace.

The disease of which he died, and which, as you know, is incident to old age, had for several years been gaining ground, and was more than usually protracted by the resistance that his vigorous constitution made to its advance. But finally on the 3d of July, 1877, a few weeks after he had completed his eightieth year, the conflict ceased, and he slept in death.

He has left behind him the record of a great surgeon, a brave and true citizen, a magnanimous gentleman. Full of years and full of honors, he rests from a life of arduous and faithful toil. As the welfare of our Alma Mater and the interests of her classes were dear to him, so in her halls and in the hearts of all her alumni may his name and his memory be fragrant and fresh forever.

THE FRICK LIBRARY.

THE FRICK LIBRARY.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, Gentlemen of the Medical and Legal Professions of Baltimore, and of our sister cities, our honored and most welcome Guests:

We have met together this evening for a two-fold purpose, the commemoration of an honored member of our profession and of this Faculty, Dr. Charles Frick, and the inauguration of a new department of our Library; and these two objects are yet but one, for the books, upon the possession of which, through the munificence of Dr. Frick's brothers and of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, we enter today, are for a memorial, and a most fitting one, of the man whom we commemorate.

Very few of the present members of this Faculty knew Dr. Frick personally, for the average length of the life of a generation has been more than fulfilled since he ceased to live and move amongst us, and a new generation of physicians has come upon the stage. But there are some who knew him well and count their knowledge of him among the most delightful of their experiences in life; and although he was considerably my senior, so that when I was just entering upon my professional course he had already attained to middle life, yet there

were many circumstances which brought me into close and intimate personal and professional relations with him.

Those of us who knew him thus well will always cherish his memory with a mingled feeling of admiration and of love. While that feeling can never fade from our minds, there is perhaps a special reason for evoking and reviving it at this particular time.

Dr. Frick was born on the 8th of August, 1823, and dying on the 25th of March, 1860, he was thus within a few months of completing his thirty-seventh year; and so from his death to the present time, a period of nearly thirty-seven years, just corresponding with the length of his own life, has passed away.

As for this reason the time for commemorating him is fitting, so also the occasion and mode of the commemoration are appropriate. For he was at once on the practical side of our calling, an able and skilled physician, and on its abstract and theoretical side a student and a scholar, and as such it is meet that his memory should be perpetuated by books and identified with them forever.

Even in his early youth he was ever a student in something more and better than that technical and narrow sense in which the word is applied to those who are yet in their undergraduate career, but he was a student in that nobler meaning of the term which indicates one who in Milton's splendid phrase is "seeking the bright countenance of truth in the pure air of delightful study." And thus in his maturer years he became a ripe and good medical scholar, ever engaged in investigating the principles of medicine and in studying the fundamental

sciences of anatomy, physiology, pathology and chemistry, upon which as its only sure foundations all truly scientific and rational medicine must rest.

His was no mere "case knowledge" of his profession as our brethren of the Law apply that term to the attainments of those in their own calling who, ignorant of the principles of jurisprudence, seek only for points of likeness between the cases before them and others that have been already ruled upon. His mind was of that order which is satisfied as guides to action only with scientific principles or ascertained facts, a knowledge of which is never gained except by constant and diligent study of the best literature of medicine and the allied sciences. Study was ever his delight, for he knew that sound medical knowledge, like sound knowledge of every other sort, is builded up upon foundations deeply laid and that he who knows not the foundations will have but an imperfect and inefficient acquaintance with the superstructure.

Among the remembrances of conversations with him which come back to me after the lapse of many years is one in which he referred to a member of our profession as having neither accurate training of mind nor knowledge of medical literature. "But he has written a book himself," I remarked, believing, in the callowness of youth, that authorship in medicine of itself implied knowledge—an opinion of which, I need not say, I have long since been disabused. "Yes," replied Dr. Frick, "it is true, he has written one book, and had he carefully read any other books worth reading, he would never have written that one."

Very different is the judgment to be formed of the various contributions made by Dr. Frick himself to medical literature. For all of the writings which he left as the result of his comparatively few years of strenuous and faithful work are characterized by the most accurate and careful observation, by patient and laborious analysis, by independent and original thought and by thorough familiarity with what others had done on the same lines of investigation.

In the earliest period of his medical studies he wrote his inaugural thesis on the subject of puerperal fever and fortifying the position which he took by a report of many cases observed by himself, he strongly maintained the contagious and communicable nature of the disease, as it had been maintained by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at a time when its character in this regard was by no means so generally held in the profession as it subsequently came to be.

In 1846, the year following his graduation, Dr. Frick made his first contribution to pathological knowledge after entering the medical profession. This consisted of a report made jointly by Dr. Washington F. Anderson and himself of twelve cases illustrating the pigmentary changes occurring in the liver in remittent fever, corresponding with the observations of Dr. Stewardson, which were published in April, 1841, in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, and which were based upon seven cases. This report was freely quoted in 1847 by Dr. Elisha Bartlett, sometime Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Maryland, in

his classical work on the Fevers of the United States.

Dr. Frick, while still an undergraduate pupil, had devoted much attention to the study of animal chemistry, and, pursuing the subject further in subsequent years, he reported in 1848 the result of a series of very carefully conducted analyses of the blood in health and in disease, which he had made, tabulating systematically the proportions of the various ingredients entering into its composition and showing the variations occurring in many important diseases, especially in tuberculosis, the essential fevers and rheumatism. This report attracted much attention at the time and as constituting a valuable addition to the knowledge of the subjects then possessed, it was referred to by various subsequent writers who were making similar investigations. It was based upon the study of one hundred and fifty cases of disease, and it was remarked at the time that "Dr. Frick's patient spirit in investigation and his perfect fairness in his deductions were shown in the fact that he rejected no less than seventy of these troublesome analyses, because there was some little point in the diagnosis or in the process which he considered as uncertain." He concluded his paper with the statement that "ultimate chemistry plays a most prominent part in the production of disease; and in unraveling the tangled web of pathological hematology hereafter, its assistance must principally be relied upon;" a remark which, however obvious it may be now when investigations in the same line of research have been carried so far and have accomplished so much, must be read in the light of the fact, that he himself was one of

the early seekers of truth along this line, whose labors served to mark and light the way.

The same deep interest in animal chemistry led Dr. Frick to take up the study of renal pathology with the like painstaking and conscientious care which he had shown in his other researches and which caused him to be spoken of by that distinguished physician and in every way admirable man, Professor John A. Swett, of New York, as the best authority upon that subject in the United States.

I may say parenthetically that there has seemed to me to be a kinship in character and spirit, as well as a resemblance in professional career, between these two eminent physicians, alike as they were in devotion to the duties of their calling, in their rectitude of purpose, in the clearness and comprehensiveness of their intellects, in the thoroughness of their methods of scientific work, in their faculty of inspiring love in all who knew them, and finally, and mournfully, in the early close by death of their bright and promising careers of usefulness.

The result of Dr. Frick's labors in the field of renal pathology was the publication in 1850 of his work on *Renal Diseases* in which it was his object, as stated in his preface, to arrange his investigations in an intelligible form, and to remedy such defects in preceding works on the subject as made it distasteful to beginners. In these respects he succeeded admirably, and while, of course, great advances in our knowledge of the subject have been made in the forty-six years that have passed since the publication of Dr. Frick's work, it is still of high value and is well worthy of perusal as an excellent introduction

to the subject of which it treats. From this value as well as from personal considerations, I prize as among the most cherished treasures of my own library a copy of this work with an autograph inscription.

His study of renal pathology naturally led Dr. Frick to attempt the difficult task of clearing up the somewhat confused ideas existing as to the relation between albuminuria and the various organic changes in the kidney, grouped together as Bright's Disease, and in 1855, in papers published in the *Virginia Medical Journal* and in the *American Medical Monthly* of New York, he strongly maintained the opinion then beginning to prevail, as against the teaching of the distinguished Dr. Bright, that the mere presence of albumen does not of itself show organic degenerative disease of the kidneys. This again may seem almost a truism now, but it is to be remembered that the obscurity of the subject was cleared up and what is simple made so by just such work as Dr. Frick was engaged in, for "all can raise the flower when they have the seed."

The seven and thirty years which have passed since his death have witnessed vast changes and wonderful growth as regards pathological knowledge and therapeutic resources. A few instances among the many that might be mentioned may serve to show in part the difference between that time and the present. The cyclical course of pneumonia was then undetermined; the so-called sorbefacient power of mercury in effecting the removal of pneumonic exudation was still maintained; the conception of pneumonia as an acute infectious disease of

microbic origin had not yet been formed ; the vast subject of microbic pathology was in the distant future ; the hydrotherapeusis of typhoid fever was practically unknown ; and the strictly medicinal measures of antiseptis had not yet enabled surgery to add thousands and tens of thousands of years to the sum of human existence. And yet all the advances that have been made and the still greater results with which the future is teeming are and will be the direct consequences and logical outcome of such methods of work as Charles Frick and his co-laborers of forty years ago were engaged in.

In 1847, two years after his graduation, Dr. Frick had established in association with Dr. Elisha W. Theobald, Dr. Christopher Johnston and Dr. David Stewart, the Maryland Medical Institute, which was designed to be a preparatory and supplementary school of medicine ; and here he improved the opportunities offered him for qualifying himself more fully for the position of a teacher of medicine, for which by natural endowments and acquired knowledge he was already well fitted. And when in 1858 the chair of *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics in the University of Maryland became vacant by the appointment of Professor George W. Miltenberger to that of Obstetrics, Dr. Frick was at once called to the place. His didactic lectures from this chair and his clinical instructions in the wards of the University Hospital, to the great value of which I can testify from personal recollection, bore the unmistakable stamp of original thought and large learning, and justified in the fullest degree the expectations which had been

formed of his brilliant success as a teacher of medicine. There was in his lectures no effort at forensic display and no endeavor to dazzle with rhetorical phrases. He seemed always actuated by the wise teaching of D'Alembert that "the first duty of philosophy is to instruct and her best eloquence is precision."

But his career in this new and congenial field of work was destined to be short. The sad story of its arrest has been well told and is well known, so that its mournful details need not be repeated here. Let it suffice to say that in the attempt to give relief to a patient in the lowliest walk of life he contracted malignant diphtheria, of which he died on the 25th of March, 1860. In the memorial minute adopted by the Faculty of the University of Maryland they spoke of "the just pride with which in the midst of their grief they contemplate the heroic professional feeling which led their colleague to prefer duty to safety and to endanger and sacrifice his own life in a generous effort to preserve the life of a suffering fellow-creature. Such a death they deemed the fit and crowning end of such a life."

One of his nearest friends has spoken of "his beautiful submission to God's will and of the calm, manly courage worthy of the Christian, with which he met the approach of death, which, though deeply regretted, was not untimely, for he had completed the work his Father had given him to do, and had done it well. He left his mark, his impress upon his generation. Young as he was in years, he was eminent in science, skilful in his art, high

in the esteem of all who knew him, and his memory is cherished in the hearts of the many who loved him."

Do we not well, then, to keep alive that memory of one so dear to some of us, so honored by all, and to re-consecrate it tonight by associating it forever with books—with the literature of that medical science which he so much loved, to which he gave his best thought and his unwearying labor, and of which the sole objects are beneficence and the good of humanity? Is it not meet that the name of one whose mind was trained for its noble work by good books and who added to their number should be enshrined among them by such a memorial tribute as is offered here tonight?

I can imagine that his "clear spirit which scorned delight and lived laborious days," looking down from where "beyond these voices there is peace," would rejoice in being thus allied with

The loved volumes where the souls
Of the great dead walk gloriously,
The Edens of the mind, the goals
Of mortal immortality.

The great dead—who still live on in the works which they have left behind them. "The best counsellors," says Lord Bacon, "are the dead, and therefore it is good to be conversant in books." So likewise many of the best and greatest leaders in the conflict in which we as physicians are all constantly engaged are among the dead. The scenes of that conflict may appear to be only in the wards and amphitheatres of hospitals, or in the hushed air of chambers of sickness; but if the veil were

withdrawn, these might be seen as portions and parcels of that vast arena upon which is waged with unceasing warfare the tremendous contest between good and evil. In that contest I have known no wiser or purer counsellor, no braver or more devoted leader in the cause of truth and right, than was he whom we tonight commemorate.

**PORTRAIT OF
GEORGE W. MILTENBERGER.**

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE W. MILTENBERGER.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of
the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty :*

The durability of art has been the theme of many pens and of many tongues. To their perpetuity its achievements owe much of their highest value, for by their transmission from age to age the progressive history of civilization has been learned.

In regard to our own medical art we know that the earliest lesson taught by the father of medicine was that life is short, and art is long, (ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ): famous words which have echoed down the ages. When the shortness of life is referred to by one who would naturally be inclined to magnify the art whose object is to prolong life, it is an admission, not of the defect of the art, but of its necessary limitations. Lives "have their day and cease to be," but the healing art lives on, increasing continually in its resources and its power, quickened and stirred by an ever freshly springing life like that of the immortal tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

And as it is with ours, so is it with others, the builder's, the sculptor's, the writer's and the painter's arts, that they have in them an element of everlastingness.

“Morning still opes with joy her lids
Upon the stately pyramids,”

as she did nearly four thousand years ago, when the eyes of the patriarch perhaps gazed upon them as he lamented that his own days were few and evil. The life has long since passed away, though extending to patriarchal longevity; the art endures and will endure forever.

Or take the case of sculpture even in its most ancient, and as it may seem to us, its crudest form. The Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Emperors have long ago vanished away. The once mighty power of the Caliphs has waned. In the wonderful evolution of events and in fulfilment of Eothen's prophecy, “the Englishman leaning far over to hold his loved India has planted his firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sits in the seat of the Faithful”; and still amid all these vicissitudes the Sphynx, “fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty, some mould of beauty now forgotten,” lies watching and ever watching with those same sad, earnest eyes.

So is it with literature. Thucydides, showed his appreciation of the highest art, when, in speaking of the works which surrounded the Athenians, he said “the daily delight of them banishes gloom”; and he looked upon his own work as a possession forever; and still the story of the strife between Athens and Sparta is read with profit by all who, as he says, “desire a knowledge of the past as a key to the future.” A historian of our own time, Lord Macaulay, found his pleasure and pride in the thought that his work from its artistic form (and no one thought more highly of literary art than he) would be

perused in the year two thousand or even three thousand.

Still too are read with unfailing delight the songs of the lyric poet of the ages who believed, and most truly believed, that in them he had made for himself a monument more durable than brass.

But more than any other artist, the painter, perishable though the materials for his conceptions are, shows us the contrast between fleeting life and what his art produces; perhaps for the very reason that in form and color his work seems nearer to the life itself. The apparent life and glow of his art remain when its subjects are no more, and thus he confers an earthly immortality.

"Once," says Lord Mahon, in his History, "as Sir David Wilkie was gazing on one of Titian's masterpieces, the famous picture of the Last Supper in the Refectory of the Escorial, an old monk of the Order of St. Jerome came up to him and said: 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years. During that time my companions have dropped off one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were of my own age, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; nothing has been unchanged around me except those figures in yonder painting, and I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities and we the shadows.'"

The thought is at once striking and obvious, and it is not surprising, and yet an interesting fact in literary history that another writer should have recounted his own similar experience in connection with a different picture and at a different place. In a note to his Poem on Italy,

Samuel Rogers thus writes: "'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the Refectory of his convent, the figures as large as life. 'I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone, that when I look upon the company there, upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are, I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.'" Such is the immortalizing power of the painter's art, witnessed to alike by the Jeronymite in Spain, by the Dominican in Italy, and by many other human hearts everywhere.

And what department of that art is it which most closely touches the heart and appeals to the affections? Surely it is the portrait painter's; for it peoples the imagination with the forms of those who have lived before us; it shows the fair faces of long ago, still smiling down upon us from their canvases; it preserves the thoughtful countenances of scholars and statesmen; and, best of all, it keeps for us the lineaments of those who were and are dearest and best beloved, and thus "fixes in despite of death and time the marvels it hath wrought." This it is which enables the portrait painter's art to give more than mere pleasure, but endues it also with a sanctifying power.

Tonight we behold the tribute paid by this noble art of portraiture to one who is in all respects a most fitting representative of our own art.

In your presence, Professor Miltenberger, I may not

say all which the earnest conviction of my judgment and, let me add, the deep feeling of my heart, would prompt me to give utterance to. But this at least I may say, and I know the statement will receive universal assent from all here present, that no one among us so well as yourself illustrates and represents in his single person the various departments of medical teaching and practice in which we are all in one way or another severally engaged. You are here, sir, an honored teacher among your pupils, a father among your children. You are surrounded by those whom you have instructed in almost every department of medical science and art. At various periods in your long and versatile career, you have taught your pupils anatomy, pathology, clinical surgery, clinical medicine, therapeutics and obstetrics. With a slight paraphrase of Johnson's words I may say, "nullum fere *medendi* genus non tetigisti, nullum quod tetigisti non ornavisti." Out of the fullness of your own acquirements you have imparted knowledge, and out of the earnestness of your own zeal you have inspired enthusiasm. It is fitting, then, in every way, that members of this Faculty representing the profession of Maryland, should in this portrait render to you the tribute of honor and esteem of which it is a token, and should seek by the power of art to perpetuate, as far as possible, your presence with ourselves and with our successors forever.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, we are, I think, most fortunate in obtaining in this picture not only a most excellent likeness of our distinguished and honored

colleague, but also an admirable work of art in that the artist has sought and found and fixed forever the exact expression and attitude of professional occupation. This is realistic, and it is also idealistic in the best and highest sense. A portrait may be successful in what belongs to art and yet wanting in something needed to make it a true delineation of its subject; and, on the other hand, it may be a likeness and yet lacking in proper artistic conception. But in this picture nothing seems at fault.

“The painter poring on the face
 has found the man
Behind it, and so painted that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives ever at his best and fullest.”

To the fullest measure of this idea the accomplished artist, Mr. Corner, has succeeded. He has produced the general air and the exact similitude, to which Sir Joshua Reynolds refers as constituting the excellence of a portrait, and he has thus realized in his conception the careful teacher, the thoughtful counsellor, the beloved physician and the faithful friend.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

My Fellow-Alumni:

We are once more gathered together in this ancient hall on one of those festal occasions upon which our venerable Alma Mater renews her youth as she takes into her adoption the successive bands of her foster-children; and we, her family, old and young, are here to do her homage and to congratulate her upon the fact that as her years increase, so also does her strength.

Old traditions and time-honored associations are not the most valuable things that may environ an institution of learning and endow it with power for good, yet they have their value.

The energy and grasp of youth, if productive of good work, are far better than the weakness of age; and results, which in themselves are excellent, are not to be discredited or lightly thought of because accomplished by the young. But herein is found a contrast between individuals and institutions. The former, in the lapse of time and in the conditions of humanity, must sooner or later fail; whereas the latter, though growing in years, may never grow infirm; weakness may never affect them; and while surrounded by

“That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love and troops of friends,”

they may still flourish as in immortal youth. And so,

viewing the matter in part from the side of feeling, if we, the Alumni of the School of Medicine in the University of Maryland, find her striving to make the best use of such means as she possesses, striving to increase her resources and facilities for teaching, strengthening whatever weak points she may have, taking the initiative as time and again she has done, in establishing new departments of instruction; and ever raising higher and higher her standard of requirements; then we may find some satisfaction in the thought that we are not altogether *novi homines*, but that we are bound with our Alma Mater to the traditions of an honorable past.

On the banks of the Thames may be seen the "spires and antique towers" of a seat of learning, where for four hundred and fifty years, from a time reaching far down the centuries onward to our own day, many of the greatest intellects of England have been trained; a Chatham for a work in Parliament which should cause his name to be cherished in the heart of every American; a Wellington to win a fight, which, as he himself said, was begun on the field of Eton; a Gladstone for a life of persistent labor and achievement—the greatest of all being perhaps yet to come—which is almost without parallel in the annals of the human intellect. Yet, do you not think that over and above the sense of intellectual power which is, as it were, in the very air they breathe, the men of Eton of today are elevated and stimulated by the thought that theirs is the home

"Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade"?

In a new country like ours such antiquity cannot exist. But all things are relative ; and Eton cannot claim such age as the University of Bologna, which was a seat of learning in the reign of Charlemagne and enjoyed a great celebrity early in the twelfth century. Here, as physicians should remember, Malpighi, marking an epoch in medicine, was the first to apply the microscope to the study of anatomy, and connected his name forever with the structure of the kidneys and the spleen ; and here from every part of Europe, and from Asia too, classes were gathered when Eton was a marsh by the river.

All things are relative ; and so from the standpoint of western ideas we may well be satisfied with an origin which is nearly co-eval with the establishment of independent government in this country by the adoption of the Constitution, after which not two decades had passed before the University of Maryland had entered upon her career, which has been continuous and uninterrupted ever since. Of the great multitude who during these many years have received her diploma as the authentication of their enrolment in the medical profession, a large proportion have of course passed over to the majority, as the gentle classic phrase has it, *abierunt ad plures*. But her living alumni are to be numbered by thousands. And as the institution which has sent them forth, embodied in her authorities, watches their careers and earnestly hopes that they may reflect credit upon her, adorning the Sparta which has brought them forth ; so in their turn they may rightfully demand that she should be a leader in the movement, now so general, for better preliminary

education in those who are seeking admission into the medical profession; they may rightfully demand of her the most thorough and accurate training in every study that bears upon medicine, and that she should require the very highest standard of attainment as an essential pre-requisite for obtaining the medical doctorate. This demand her alumni and the community in general have a right to make of the University of Maryland, and to regard compliance with it as a condition of their continued confidence in her. This she is not only prepared to accede to, but she has already in large measure anticipated it.

If a graduate of our University of twenty years ago could devote one week to the curriculum of work done by students of the present day, he could not but be impressed by the difference between the opportunities now offered and those given him in his undergraduate days. And what was true of the University of Maryland was true of other medical schools in this country at that time; of those that were the largest, as regards the number of pupils attending them, and that were reputed the best. Here, as elsewhere, in schools, I say again, reputed the best, students were graduated and sent forth as "*scientiarum ac medendi artis abunde periti*"—surely there was a bitter irony in the words *abunde periti*—who, as regards their chemistry, had never handled a test-tube or a retort; as regards their physiology, had never seen the action of the gastric juice, the pulsation of the heart, the circulation of the blood or the response of any nerve to a stimulus; as regards surgery, had never lanced an

abscess; as regards medicine proper, had never heard a crepitant rale, nor listened to a cardiac murmur. But happily all this has been changed. Attendance upon the course of instruction for three years has been made obligatory; laboratory work in chemistry and in histology is required of all our students; bedside instruction in surgery and medicine, clinical teaching, that is, in the literal and true sense, is imparted to all; and, as an essential part of these improvements, and in order to render them really effective, the system of graded courses has been adopted. Now that this plan is in full and effective operation and its value seen by its results, it seems hardly credible that the former system could have been maintained so long: the plan, I mean, of giving the same instruction to all, however various and unequal their degrees of preparation might be; the absurdity of which seems so obvious that to state the case is to show its folly. That condition of things, I will say, speaking in behalf of the University of Maryland, will never be returned to; with her there shall be *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. She has embarked upon her present course because it is a right course to take; and let the issue be what it may, she will abide all stress and storm. Whatever detriment may appear for a time to be wrought to her interests, as measured by the size of her classes, that result she will be entirely prepared to accept, and will count her loss, if such it be, a gain.

She will welcome such students as seek her instruction, however small their number may be, with the thought that she has, in Milton's phrase, "fit audience,

though few," and she will send them forth bearing her diplomas as their credentials to the world with the conviction that she has faithfully discharged her duty to them.

These things, my fellow alumni, the school of your graduation has done, and further things she pledges herself to do, as demanded by the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of modern science, which is always, however it may be sometimes overclouded, the spirit of truth. Will you renew your allegiance to her, and aid her effort to maintain what is just and true and right? Then, as her past has been honorable, so will her future be, and prosperous, too, according to the measure of true prosperity. For her past she can point to the esteem in which she has ever been held, and to the careers of many of her alumni, who have filled posts of honor and responsibility in all the branches of the public medical service, or who have been called to be teachers in many institutions of medicine throughout the country; in the University of Virginia in the south, in Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania in the north, and in the west as far as to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Whatever these have since become or whatever they have made themselves, here was the nursing bosom at which they drew their first draughts of professional knowledge. For her future your University will seek, as she is seeking now, to give those pupils who may be entrusted to her better and better preparation for duty in the calling in which they will be engaged.

And what is that calling? Truly it is a conflict and

a momentous one, for which the very best endowments and the very highest attainments are no undue equipment.

On the wall of the corridor leading to the anatomical theatre above this hall a student of the University of Maryland drew more than fifty years ago with rough delineation, it is true, but with some real appreciation of the spirit and power of the original, the picture of the fight between the great Archangel and his foe. It was perhaps with a true instinct, and in recognition of the facts that anatomy is at the foundation of all the medical sciences, and that the final purpose of these sciences is that they be used in behalf of good against evil, that our fellow alumnus of long ago placed the picture where it is.

Some of you, no doubt, have gazed, as I have many times, and every time with renewed wonder and admiration, at the magnificent original of this picture painted nearly four hundred years ago, and now hanging on the wall of the gallery of the Louvre, one of the greatest and latest works of the divine Raphael.

As you look at the Archangel's face, no trace of passion and no sign of exultation or triumph are depicted on that victorious brow; but only a marmoreal calmness, as with uplifted arm and with supreme confidence in his own power and his own righteousness he plunges his purifying and destroying spear down through his adversary's heart.

Such a face, you feel, may fitly have belonged to the leader of those embattled hosts, when the very dome of heaven "rang to the roar of an angel onset."

For many years this picture has been associated in our minds with our own University, and we may rightfully regard it as a symbol and type of our professional work.

An unexpected light is sometimes thrown on modern investigations and discoveries in the physical sciences and perhaps the psychical sciences too, by things written of old time and in old books.

Some able and prominent members of the medical profession in France and elsewhere have of late years been specially engaged in the study of certain phenomena which are grouped under the term hypnotism.

Allowing for some exaggeration in the reports made upon this subject, it may be believed that there is a residuum of truth in them, and that under certain circumstances a person in the hypnotic state, when the mental faculties are dulled by sleep or by a condition akin to sleep, may be so influenced by the will-power of another as to be led to perform acts which under a different condition he would not do. The influence is by no means insuperable; it may be resisted and overcome. Some persons, it would seem from the accounts given, having less resisting power, less strength of opposing will, than others, are more readily brought into this state, and yield more immediately and completely to the domination. The influence exercised by the experiment, or rather the mode in which this influence acts, is termed "suggestion." Perhaps as regards its relation to the mental and moral state of the person acted upon, it is of the nature of what in old books is called "temptation," about which we all know something from personal experience, and which

also may be yielded to or may be resisted. Possibly—and remember that we are now engaged only in speculation—such suggestion or temptation may come from agencies, other than human, which even on the principles of agnosticism may be conceived to exist. The consequences of suggestion may be illustrated by the different conduct of the two soldiers in that drama which is regarded by an eminent critic, Mr. Hallam, as the greatest work of the greatest name in all literature. The same suggestion is presented to the minds of each of them. That of Macbeth is open to any promptings, however evil they may be; it is ready, as he says,

“to yield to that *suggestion*,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.”

He trifles with it and affects to put it by :

“ If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me;”

but the chance for which he waited, of which he was willing to avail himself, and which came when

“ Good things of day began to droop and drowse,”

was the opportunity of murder. The suggestion imparted was the temptation to which he yielded.

The same insidious approach is made to his fellow-soldier Banquo, but his purer heart strives against it and the temptation is overcome.

“ Merciful powers! ”

he exclaims,

“ Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.”

"In repose;" when the mind is slumbrous and its faculties are less alert, then, according to the doctrine of modern hypnotism, it is most open to suggestion, which in Banquo's case is strenuously resisted and the tempter fails. The hypnotic suggestion of modern psychology may be a new and scientific term for old temptation.

Another instance may show how light may possibly be thrown upon modern discoveries, by old teachings.

Dr. Tyndall tells us as the result of some of his later investigations that the diffused light in the atmosphere is due to reflections from countless millions of suspended particles of matter, and that but for these the very air itself, if deprived of such accessories, would be involved in the deepest obscurity; would be, indeed, a region of utter darkness.

And elsewhere we read of a "power of darkness" which from its sphere of operation is also called the "power of the air." May then the borderland of that realm of darkness, the outskirts of that "unseen universe," be the region into which our microscopes partly penetrate?—a region crowded, it may be, with maleficent forms of animated existence,

"Haunting the interspace of world and world."

ministers of an evil power, of which we know little except that they are potent for harm; such agencies as the guilty king in the great tragedy already spoken of, called the "common enemy of mankind."

Modern medicine, it has been claimed, made a great advance when it found that diseases are only perverted

physiology and not substantial entities of divers kinds, *daimones* or demons, as they were superstitiously held to be by an early school of medicine, seeking to gain admission into the body, and working havoc when they entered it. That was a folly of the dark and unscientific ages, we say in our wisdom, and in reality disease is only perverted physiology. But what if after all there should be some measure of truth in this old and superstitious pathology? For the question presents itself, What has perverted the physiology? What but those very demons of typhoid fever and tuberculosis and cholera and diphtheria which we know, and others of the devilish brood as yet imperfectly known or wholly unknown; agencies which in modern fashion—it is perhaps only a question of terms—we call bacilli, and which poison the tissues and organs and “touch corruptibly the life of all the blood.”

And so it may be that as physicians we “wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers”; and that we may rightly find an inspiration and an incentive to more earnest work in the thought that at however infinite a distance, and with however infinite inferiority of intent and capability, we are yet engaged in the same contest with One whose mission it was to “destroy the power of death.”

These things are mere figments of the imagination, you may say—*kindermährchen*—tales for children, to be put away with other childish things.

Be it so, if so you prefer to have it; but even if figments, yet none the less they may stand as symbols and

tokens of that mighty contest between good and evil, whether physical, or spiritual and moral, which will go on until the consummation of all things.

In this contest we are all engaged in virtue of our calling; into it you, the youngest of our fellow alumni, who have just entered the ranks of the medical profession, have been sworn as soldiers this day. For your guidance in the conflict before you, take this as a final farewell word from one of your teachers, who may at least claim that he has striven to help you; "Quit you like men—be strong."

**GRADUATES OF
NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL.**

GRADUATES OF NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL.

Ladies, Graduates of the Training School for Nurses:

It is my pleasant duty in the name of the Medical Faculty of the University of Maryland to offer you our cordial congratulations on the success with which you have pursued your studies and the diligence with which you have applied yourselves to your arduous labors. The time has come for awarding to those studies and labors the meed of merit and distinction which they have won.

We welcome you into the ranks of the calling you have chosen as your work in life, a calling the value and importance of which no one can understand so thoroughly or appreciate so highly as physicians. For without the aid of that intelligence and devotion which only the trained nurse can supply, the knowledge and skill of the surgeon or physician may be expended in vain. From the very nature of his business and the constant demands made upon his time by many cases the physician cannot give a disproportionate share of attention to any one patient, however much his services may be required. It is his duty to ascertain the nature of an ailment, to lay down the course of treatment to be used in combating it, to note the effect of that treatment and to modify it as occasion may demand. But the nurse is always on

guard, always watchful and always making practical application of those resources of medical science with which she has been furnished by the doctor. By her careful observation of pulse, of temperature and of numerous other symptoms, she may save many moments which to the busy practitioner amount in the aggregate to much valuable time; and not only so, but she may keep him apprised of the course and progress of the case, so that he knows it continuously and not intermittingly. Indeed, the sisterhood of nurses may be said to stand to the brotherhood of physicians in the relation which an army of observation and alliance occupy to the main host. You are not members of the medical profession, but you may be its most efficient and important aids. But then remember always that, whatever views may be held as to the wisdom and propriety of admitting women into the medical profession, a question which I do not at all propose to consider here, yet, so long as you are engaged in the vocation of nurses, you are not physicians; nor should you seek to take the place of physicians, however much you may be tempted to do so. Interference in that direction can bring only confusion and trouble, and it is best to keep your allegiance to the physician and to follow the course laid down by him.

On a very remarkable occasion in English history the speaker of the House of Commons is reported to have said that he had "neither eyes nor tongue to see or say anything save what the House commanded him." In like manner you will find it most in the line of your duty to be only the eyes and tongue and ministering hand of

the physician in attendance, and to follow his instructions, however much you may be urged to depart therefrom by importunity, apprehension or distrust on the part of patients or their friends. And when a nurse enters upon the charge of a case of grave disease with this conception of her duty, inspired with loyalty to the doctor, striving to aid his endeavors and with ready intelligence to carry out his objects, how different is the sphere of the physician's work from what it is when he has at hand for service only the ignorance, timidity and anxiety of chance assistants, of whom the most inefficient often are the patient's own family. And thus it is that no one is so conscious and appreciative of the good nurse's service as the doctor under whom she serves.

The patient, often far down in the valley of the shadow, may know nothing of the kindly hand that is ministering to him and striving to lead him back to light and life; but the physician knows well the value of that hand to his charge and to himself, and should always be willing to share with the nurse whatever credit may accrue to him when success attends his efforts.

But more than this; when we consider how often in the course of disease other influences may be brought to bear upon it besides mere medical and surgical appliances, how often the wounded spirit, "fast bound in misery and iron," suffers with the suffering body, it is easy to understand how the physician feels most deeply the value of the nurse, not merely as she is a nurse, but because she is a woman. However familiar and even trite the words as we have often heard them may seem, yet how true to our

deepest feelings and to our best and tenderest instincts, are those words which say of woman,

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

It was perhaps a harsh answer of the doctor of physic in the great drama, who, when asked to "minister to a mind diseased and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," could find no other reply than "therein the patient must minister to himself."

Such cases are found outside of dramas and in very real life. There are diseases and wounds of the spirit deeper seated and harder of human cure than any which touch merely the body. And often a sufferer may be helped by the kindly word, warm from the heart, spoken by the nurse and reminding him of a past when the influence of a mother or sister or wife was around him.

And such is "the better part," that of ministering angels, which you, ladies, have chosen for your course in life. How could you possibly have chosen a better one? Better by far it is than many of the pleasures and allurements which life may have to offer, but which, after all, are but too often merely the follies and frivolities of Vanity Fair. Your better part it will be to carry help to the suffering, comfort to the sorrowing, deliverance, it it may be, and safety to those who are ready to perish.

There was a woman once who will be remembered forever as having chosen that "good part," and as having offered the purest and most perfect act of devotion that this world has ever seen. She was "that Mary which

anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair," of whom it has been said that

"One deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed."

And so may it be with each one of you, that your service done to the sick, the suffering and the dying, to the failing body or the passing spirit may raise your thoughts to Him Who is the source of all healing and the fountain of all life.

Once more, in the name of my colleagues, and for myself, I thank you for the good work you have already done, and I congratulate you on the good part which you have chosen, and which shall not be taken away.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of
the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Institute:*

I shall not attempt any eulogy of our departed colleague and friend, for here and elsewhere the powers of language have been already admirably used to portray the nobility of his character and the graces and culture of his heart and mind. There are those present whose intellects have been trained largely in the same lines of study and thought in which his own attained its splendid development, and it has been their duty and pleasure to make record of what Severn Teackle Wallis was as a lawyer, a statesman and a patriot in the noblest sense of that word.

These sides of his character and personality are known to many, but there is another side. I have thought sometimes that the relations between a patient and his physician may give the key to certain qualities of that patient's mental and spiritual nature which are not so clearly displayed to others. And so, without, I trust, violating the seal and the sacredness of those relations, I feel it right to say something of the qualities which were wrought in Mr. Wallis by all that he underwent through "that long disease, his life"—

qualities which as one of the mysteries that human life is involved in, may become more and more increased and refined, until they attain, here or hereafter, to that perfectness which cometh through suffering.

And, first, let me say that in those years during which I had what I account, and always shall account, the privilege and the benediction of ministering to him, I never heard from him one word of repining against that fate which had given him infirmity and disease as his portion in life. Rather did the effort to strive against their depressing influences bring an increase of his spiritual and mental powers, so that, like those of old, "out of weakness he was made strong." His place was with them

"Who doomed to go in company with pain,
Turn their necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of it do exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls it and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of its bad influence and its good receives."

But he was much more than patient in suffering. After giving the daily account of his troubles, and the answers to such questions as were necessary for the physician's guidance, he would become always, as those who saw him often will unite with me in testifying, as bright and buoyant as though pain had never touched him. Out of his own deep wisdom, out of the abundance of his poetic imagination, out of the exuberance of his wit and humor, and out of the copious literatures, English, Spanish, French and Latin, with which his mind was saturated, he

would bring forth such treasures, new and old, as made his conversation the most delightful of intellectual enjoyments.

His was

“ The cheerful heart, which all the muses love,
The soaring spirit, which is their prime delight.”

There are many memories crowded in my mind, which, if time allowed, I might evoke to show the tenor of his thoughts, especially during the last part of his life. But a few must suffice.

Some weeks ago, as I was sitting by his bedside, the sunshine streaming through his chamber window, he said to me: “How beautiful this world is!” and then repeated the lines:

“ For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e’er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.”

And then, as though his ear, so attuned to the melody of verse, took a delight in the beautiful alliteration, or, perhaps, as looking forward himself, he repeated, dwelling on the words,

“ One longing, lingering look behind.”

We who are here all know his deep and almost passionate love of flowers, and how, through the devotion of his friends, he was constantly surrounded by them, his room being often a very bower of roses. On Easter Day three weeks ago, when I made my usual visit to him, I took him, at the request of one of his friends, some Easter lilies, and, though flowers in abundance were all

about the room, these were the only lilies he had then received. A bright smile came over his face as he took them, uttering the lovely words :

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

For many years Mr. Wallis was accustomed to spend some hours of every day with Mr. Pizarro, a Spanish gentleman of intelligence and cultivation, who for a long time filled the position of Spanish Consul in this city, and from the opportunities thus afforded he was enabled to add to his knowledge of Spanish literature that perfect facility in speaking the language which, as has been said, would have caused any Spaniard to believe that the purest Castilian was his native tongue.

Through Mr. Pizarro, too, he became imbued with a love of the Vulgate translation of the Bible, and often the melodious and sonorous lines of this version of the Psalms fell from his lips.

As the end of his life drew near he seemed to live more in contemplation of the unseen.

There is an instinctive desire to know how a man of such high intellectual endowments regarded the issues of eternity when brought face to face with them.

To such a question his own vigorous and beautiful lines give a partial answer, and show the tenor of his thought ;

" I would not that the dreams of old
Should veil again the wakened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;
But when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eye,

That with each turn of reason's wheel
Falsehood and truth both upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know ;
And that where'er our tents are cast,
Each hath an angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh to the last
His guardian, champion, friend and guide."

But I feel that here I must speak with guarded lips, for there are some utterances too sacred to be imparted or shared. And yet it can be no violation of rightful reserve to say that almost his latest words, faintly audible but still distinct, as the shadows closed around him, words which we may regard as the "*extremum munus morientis*," were these: "I am at peace."

He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Perfect truthfulness and stainless integrity and charity of hand and heart, boundless and overflowing to all, these were the traits which made up his character, and they are the traits of the servants of God.

UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS.

Mr. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore :

The Wallis Memorial Association has committed to me as its acting president the honorable duty of presenting on its behalf to the city of Baltimore, through you, sir, the chosen representative of the city, this memorial likeness of the jurist, the scholar and the civic patriot, Severn Teackle Wallis.

For those of the present generation among whom he lived and moved there can be no need for any material memorial of him, for the excellencies of his character have been stamped upon their minds and hearts. But for the generations yet to come it is well that this likeness in lasting bronze, now about to be unveiled, shall stand here, that they may see what manner of man he was whom their fathers regarded as a leader, a guide and an example of all noble qualities which go to make a man.

Of him, if of any man, it may be said that he was *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*. Integrity of purpose and perfect truthfulness were the very fibres of his being, with such steadfastness in the maintenance of right against wrong as would have led him unflinching, had duty called, to the scaffold or the stake, as it did in very truth conduct him to the prison cell. To that cell as associated with him we may well apply the noble sentiment of the great dramatic poet of France: "It is the cause and not

the prison makes the shame." For there is a freedom of the spirit which no incarceration can confine, and there are some spirits so true and just that no soilure of shame can ever or under any conditions of indignity touch or sully them ; souls so pure that they will gild and glorify a prison's bars. And such was his spirit whom we commemorate today.

Mr. Mayor, may this memorial of one so honored, so revered, so beloved as was Severn Teackle Wallis, stand here for all time fittingly in this temple of justice.

Through you, sir, it is this day given by the Wallis Memorial Association into the keeping of the city of Baltimore.

MIRACLES.

*Cupiens aliquid de tenuitate nostra cum pauperula in
gazophylacium Domini mittere.*—PIETRO LOMBARDO.

MIRACLES.

Fellow-Members of the Churchman's Club:

When our Committee on Invitations paid me the honor of requesting me to address you on this occasion, and inquired by what title they should designate what I should speak of, I was at first at some loss to answer them. Desiring that my subject should be pertinent to the object of our association, and should also have some relation to my own calling, I had thought of using the term *Religio Medici*; but this was open to several objections. In the first place, it might suggest the thought that I intended to venture upon a criticism or analysis of the tractate of Sir Thomas Browne called by that name, which is at once a gem of English literature and the pride of the medical profession, and I had no such intention. Or again it might have been supposed from that title that I intended to set forth the claims of some sort of belief allowed to physicians as a concession to the doubting frame of mind which has been regarded by some as peculiarly theirs. But as it was taught long ago by Aristotle that it is not doubting as such, but doubting wisely, doubting on good and sufficient grounds, that belongs to true philosophy, and as I know of no other form of faith worthy of being received than that which is embodied and set forth in the Apostles' Creed and the Creed commonly called the Nicene, I

was unwilling to subject myself even for a moment to the suspicion of seeming to seek any other, or of suggesting a modification of these.

It has seemed to me that the subject to be brought before you should have some relation to that domain of knowledge with one of whose branches it is my business to be conversant; I mean physical science.

Let me ask your indulgence for the desultory character of the remarks that I shall offer, put together, as they have been, in disconnected moments and in short and constantly invaded intervals of leisure.

Devotion to physical science is a pre-eminent characteristic of modern thought. At no previous period has its study engrossed so much attention as within the last forty or fifty years. The very term *science* is used often as a synonym for the study of physical nature; as though this department of knowledge were so much ampler in its domain and so much more certain in its achievements than any other, that it was entitled to the proud pre-eminence of being the science *par excellence*. And yet, perhaps, this is according to the physical studies, a higher place than they deserve.

"Physical science," it has been said, "has drained off the current of men's thoughts, and left many subjects which once engaged them, high and dry. But man, his spiritual being and the light which is to lighten it, his possibilities here, his destiny hereafter, these still remain amid all the absorption of external things, the one highest marvel, the permanent centre of interest to men." *

*Shafrp's Studies, p. 287.

There is then an evident disposition at the present day on the part of some writers upon physical sciences, carried away by their immense advances, to assert for them a supremacy in the domain of human knowledge. In this state of affairs I believe the position of medicine, regarded as a scientific study, is of great importance as furnishing a check to the undue assumptions of those branches of science which are concerned only with the properties of material bodies and the laws that govern them. For medicine must take into account man's spiritual and emotional, as well as his material nature; it must be psychological as well as physiological; and in applying its methods it must often, in the absence of demonstrative proof, make use of probable arguments, which, as Butler taught, are at times the best or the only guides of life.

I am fully aware of the existence of what Sir Thomas Browne calls "the general scandal of my profession," but I repudiate this scandal as having no just foundation either in any special temptation to which the studies of physicians expose them, or in their proneness to yield to such temptations, supposing them really to exist. And so, in behalf of multitudes of my professional brethren, I must interpose an objection to having them thus suspected. At the time when this sentiment arose in regard to the medical profession and took shape in the old proverb, "where there are three physicians there are two atheists," medicine, it must be remembered, was almost the only physical science at all cultivated; it had, in comparison with the present time, little science in it

in those old days; but alchemy and astrology had none.

Therefore, any tendencies engendered by a devotion to the branches of natural knowledge, without proper balance and restriction, were of course exemplified chiefly, or solely, in medicine. This profession bore, so to speak, the whole burden which was afterwards distributed among the votaries of the various branches of physical science. It may be true that the exclusive pursuit of physical science, without due limits and guards, does dispose the mind to rest satisfied with secondary causes, and to turn from the contemplation and acknowledgment of the great First Cause of which its methods can give no account. But if so, it is not a charge that can be brought against the study of medicine as such, nor against its votaries in any special degree. As in other callings, so in medicine, there are superficial thinkers, and there are those so occupied with the pursuits and cares of life that they are indifferent to the highest of all interests. "While the mind of man," says Bacon, "looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." It would hardly be thought fair or just to astronomers as a class to charge them with opinions disowned by Kepler, who wrote a treatise on the Divine wisdom as shown in creation; and by Newton, who, as has been said, "united philosophy with religion, dissolved the league which genius had formed with skepticism, and added to the cloud of witnesses the brightest name of

ancient or modern times"; and by Brewster, who declared that "though the two classes of facts necessarily depend on different kinds of evidence, yet we scruple not to say that the Copernican system is not more demonstrably proven than the system of theological truth contained in the Bible."

And so an inquiry into the tendency of medical studies to produce unbelief in the highest truth, should not leave out of the estimate the effects they have had upon such minds, to go no further than the present century, as those of Laennec and Cruveilhier, in France, and of Hope, Bright, Hall, Anstie and Gull, in England; names which, while from the nature of the studies pursued by those who bore them, they are not familiar to the non-professional reader, at once suggest to physicians both acuteness and depth of intellect.

Of Sir William Gull, who lately died, and who was engaged for many years of his active professional life in making the most valuable and fruitful researches in pathology, for which not only his own profession, but civilized mankind, are indebted to him, one of his nearest friends said shortly after his death that he was "the most spiritual-minded man he had ever known and the one who seemed to live most constantly in the presence of the unseen."

Of Dr. Francis Anstie, who died a martyr to professional zeal and to the cause of humanity, it was said that he was "a physician of the type which is the pride of English physic and the crown of English schools of medicine. A true son of the Church of England, he was

as brave as he was true, and he died as he lived with his professional and Christian armor on."

In this connection let me add the words of another eminent English physician of our own day, Dr. Charles West: "The mystery of suffering is in large measure incomprehensible; but an end is seen to it all; not the extinction of the weak for the sake of the strong, themselves to yield in turn to the stronger, the race being all, the individual nothing, but the perfection of each individual of the race; a perfection to be attained, not here, but higher. The last words of the gospel of a dreary creed, written by one whose intellectual gifts go far, whose moral excellencies go farther to disprove his own theories, and before whom in both respects I bow in earnest admiration, are 'man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.' So be it; but we find it also written, 'The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul.' The humility of our origin we allow; the exceeding bitter cry of tortured humanity we physicians, above all other men, have to listen to; but to our joy we know the prayer and we believe it has been answered, 'O Ruler of the house of Israel, O King desired of all nations, come Thou and save man whom Thou hast fashioned from the clay.' " *

Those who are most familiar with the structure of the animal body have been often most ready to see in the wonderful working of its mechanism in health and its power of restoration and repair in disease, the proofs of creative skill and of designing mind. The tendency

* *Diseases of the Nervous System of Children*, p. 127.

to stop and rest satisfied with secondary causes has no necessary connection with the habits of mind fostered by scientific studies either in medicine or in any other branch of knowledge. It rather does violence to the spirit of inquiry that must always prompt and accompany true scientific thought, which seeks a cause for every effect, and even when it cannot be found, yet knows that it exists. If the life history of any organism whatever, from man to the lowest forms, whether animal or vegetable, be traced back, a point is reached where science can find no account of the origin of those properties and forces in virtue of which the organism is alive.

A sphere of power and action exists into which the methods of science cannot penetrate; an "unseen universe" out of which all this visible order of things has come.

If this be the conclusion to which strict logic should lead and to which it has led many of the ablest exponents of science in our own and former times, what, it may be asked, is the reason that so many others refuse to be thus guided, so that in the popular mind, which is given to hasty generalization, there is an actual antagonism between science and revelation? One explanation of paramount importance is to be found in the influence of an authority supposed to exist, which exerts over many minds an immense and dominating control. A few men of remarkable acuteness of observation and great attainments in their own fields of research, are possessed, in addition to their scientific knowledge and skill, of rare

literary gifts. They have an admirable power of presenting their thoughts with all the attractions and graces of a charming style, and thus they acquire authority in the estimation of the thousands who hear their public lectures, and the many more thousands who read their published writings. They have attained their position of authority not so much because they are best entitled to represent the really learned, as because they are best able to make an impression upon the unlearned. And they are largely indebted to the elegance of their rhetoric for hiding, as it often does, the somewhat thin texture of their logic.

I am fully persuaded that a misconception of the real attitude of the physical sciences towards a belief in religious truth, is in great part to be thus explained. It is certainly a striking fact that so many belonging professedly to a school of thought which depreciates the claims of authority, and insists that nothing in science is to be accepted merely on the score of the reputation of those who advance it, but only on its inherent merits, are yet prone to admit the claims of their favorites to adjudicate questions which do not belong to their province of learning.

We may find in literature a parallel instance of the vast influence of one endowed with great rhetorical power as compared with other writers whose object is the simple and unadorned truth.

It is safe to say that for one reader of Lord Clarendon or of Canon Mozley there are thousands who have read and will continue to read and to adopt the opinions of

Lord Macaulay. And so in the popular mind Macaulay is the supreme authority upon the acts and motives of those who took part in the great political drama of the seventeenth century in England.

And yet what perversions of the truth are accepted by those who are blinded by the brilliant rhetoric that glistens in Macaulay's pages. They are taught to regard the great Earl of Strafford as a malevolent conspirator; Archbishop Laud as a combination of the grossest superstition and the silliest buffoonery; the Viscount of Dundee as "rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart;" and Cromwell as a spotless patriot.

Take the trouble to inquire upon these subjects among those of your acquaintance whose reading does not extend far beyond the range of current fiction as supplied by circulating libraries, and you will find such ideas as these ingrained in the very warp and woof of their historic knowledge. And yet a dispassionate criticism can show Strafford to have been, in Mozley's words, "as great a statesman and as noble a man as ever England produced; a character containing all the elements of high perfection, only colored by a secular and political atmosphere; belonging to the world although above it." It can point to Archbishop Laud as one to whom the Church of England and our own Church owe a debt of gratitude for his maintenance of Catholic truth against the many forms of ultra-Protestant error, which issue, slowly it may be, but none the less surely, as history plainly teaches, in the utter denial and overthrow of the faith. And so, too, a just criticism sweeps away the cloud of calumny that has

rested upon Claverhouse, whose character, Sir Walter Scott affirms, "has been foully traduced" and whose "melancholy and beautiful features," as some of us have seen them in the portrait at Abbotsford, tell the story of knightly valor, of heroic devotion, of earnest piety and of faithfulness unto death in the cause that he upheld. And for Cromwell, the testimony of even Puritan witnesses, as in the partisan pages of Mr. Green, can prove him to have fastened on his country the chains of a military despotism by trampling under foot all law and practising far worse vices in government than those which he charged against the king whom he put to death.

Errors of opinion in history and philosophy thus become prevalent from the boldness with which they are advanced on the one side, and from a certain instinctive seeking after guidance on the other, which is often shown even by those who have abandoned the right use of authority. Thus there is a reaction against the disregard of authority; a revenge, as it were is taken for its rejection in cases where it should have weight. "Those who think lightly," says Mr. Gladstone, "of the history of the age and of the traditions of their race, are often the slaves of Mr. A. and of Mr. B.; of their newspaper or their club."

An objection often raised against the Christian faith is that it is founded upon Miracles. These, it has been held cannot be accepted as true, whatever be the testimony brought in support of them, because they imply violations of the law and order of nature, such as never take place. They are ruled out of the inquiry *a priori*

as being necessarily untrue. The uniformity of nature is insisted upon; everything in nature, it is alleged, is directed by the laws governing matter and force, which admit of no deflection, but are constant and invariable in their operation. Hence any system, however valuable its moral teachings, is discredited from the start, and from the very necessity of the case, if its claims to acceptance are based upon miracles. Now in regard to this question, setting aside the fact that the statement is purely a *petitio principii*, two considerations are to be kept in mind.

In the first place certain events seem sometimes to have been looked upon as miraculous, which really do not belong to the category of miracles, but are simply occurrences happening in accordance with the known order of nature.

It may be remembered, for example, that a few years ago Canon Liddon in a sermon preached at Saint Paul's Cathedral referred to the fate which befell Lot's wife as a thing to be believed, not only because it is stated in the Book of Genesis to have occurred, but also because it is spoken of by our Lord in the New Testament, and the story thus received ratification and confirmation from Him.

A well known biologist, skilled in the use of irony as an offensive weapon and always ready to employ it in an attack upon Christianity, referred to this sermon as showing the "robust faith" of the eminent theologian who could believe that molecules of chloride of sodium could be substituted for those of the human body.

The words of the critic met the eye of one of the ablest geologists of the present day, who was prompted to

administer to him a deserved rebuke, "What idle talk is this," said Principal Dawson, "about particles of chloride of sodium taking the place of those of the human body. Every competent geologist knows that in various places on the earth's surface where large masses of saline water are found, as in the region of the Dead Sea, it is a common thing for vast amounts of salt to be deposited upon and thus encrust surrounding objects; and if such deposits may form upon rocks and stones and trees, why not upon the human body if exposed to the same action?"

In such a case it would be no violation of the proper use of language to say that the encrusted object became "a pillar of salt." Such and similar events may serve to point a moral or teach a warning lesson, without being in any sense miraculous.

In the second place another objection often brought against miracles is that they involve a violation of the order of nature, and this has the appearance of plausibility at first sight. For, holding as we must that Revelation and the order of nature are the works of one and the same Author and emanate alike from Him, we cannot think, so far as we are able to judge from our standpoint, that He will introduce confusion into His work.

And therefore we may refuse to believe in the *super-natural*, if the word is used in the sense of *contra-natural*. But that may be super-human, which is not super-natural; super-human, not only by being above any present human power of performance, but as being above any future power to be gained hereafter through

any conceivable advance in knowledge; and yet in entire accordance with the order of nature.

Many things are now of daily and hourly occurrence, are indeed in constant operation, which not very long were beyond any human power of achievement; because, not only are laws of nature now known, which then were wholly unknown, but the power is possessed of directing and applying those laws by human intelligence, and thus accomplishing results which formerly were super-human.

Take an imaginary illustration. On a morning in March 1776 Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell met at a coffee-house in the Strand and were taken up by the stage-coach for a jaunt to Oxford, a journey which then occupied seven or eight hours, and is now accomplished by rail in about an hour and a quarter.

"We soon got into conversation," says Boswell, "for it was remarkable of Johnson that the presence of a stranger had no restraint upon his talk." In the course of this conversation we can imagine Boswell discoursing on the length of the journey and venturing a prediction that at some future day it might be made in half or perhaps one-fourth of the then usual time; and we can fancy Johnson checking him in the Johnsonian style under which Boswell so often suffered. "Sir," the sage may have said, "do not allow yourself to palter with the truth by idly conjecturing and yielding to the exuberance of your too prolific imagination. The thing is and always will be impossible as being beyond human accomplishment; and that is the end of it."

And it was then super-human and continued to be so until James Watt's invention of the condensing engine led ultimately to the construction by George Stephenson in 1829 of the locomotive engine, which, with successive improvements, we have today and by which the then super-human feat is readily accomplished. And so, many other things are now done through increased knowledge of nature's processes and increased ability to direct and apply them, which, had they been wrought a hundred years ago by some one of extraordinary mental power and greatly in advance of his contemporaries, who kept his methods secret, would have been regarded as miraculous. The transmission of intelligence across the ocean, so that we read in our morning journals what has appeared on the same day in those of London and Paris; the conduction of the human voice, so that conversation at the distance of a thousand miles is easy; the production of unlimited quantities of ice in the hottest weather of midsummer; the storing up of human speech upon the graphophone, so that the voices of the departed may again be heard when they shall have been a century dead; all these things were formerly super-human, but they are not super-natural, for they are brought about in accordance with the laws of nature directed and applied by intelligence. It is not intended, however, that this argument should place the miracles of the Bible in a category to which they do not belong.

The argument does not lead or point that way; but it may lead to an important conclusion. Great as are the advances in knowledge that have been made, yet the known bears

a very small proportion to the unknown ; and great as its farther advances will be, there will yet remain a vast region of the unknown into which by the very limitations of humanity no human ken will ever penetrate.

Things which are beyond the power of the human mind may be the simplest of problems to

The great Intelligences Fair
That range above our mortal state ;

to a Michael, the captain of the Lord's host, or to a Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God.

A line of thought of this kind was advanced by the late Richard Holt Hutton, who, as editor of the *Spectator*, for many years exercised a wide-reaching influence for good over many minds. In a memoir of Hutton, published soon after his death, it is said that "he believed in miracles, although he did not believe that they are, or could be, suspensions of natural laws, but only modifications of the results of those laws caused by the introduction into the agencies at work of the influence of controlling spirits of unusual power."

We may feel sure that the Author of nature's laws, Whose knowledge of them is not only so wonderful that we cannot attain unto it, but is also immeasurably above that of any created intelligence, even the highest, can so direct them that without any violation or confusion of their order events may be brought about wholly beyond any human or angelic power. The question of the occurrence of what are known as miracles resolves itself in the final analysis into the question of the existence of

Omnipotence. The Author of revelation is the Author of the physical universe, and it is admitted by Huxley that the mysteries of Christianity are not greater than the mysteries of nature. "The doctrine of the Trinity," he says, "is not more puzzling than the necessary antinomies of physical speculation."

If the question be asked whether the supreme miracle and mystery of the resurrection may be correlated with any phenomenon or conception connected with the physical universe, let me present one thought, not as a full answer nor as an argument, but as a possibly allowable illustration of the subject.

It is now a fundamental conception of physical science that everywhere throughout the framework of all material substances, throughout the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, and far beyond it throughout "the interspace of worlds and worlds" to the remotest stars, whence from immeasurable distances their light reaches us, and from beyond those stars to the uttermost bounds of the universe, if there be such bounds, there extends the all-pervading ether by and through which are propagated and transmitted the forces of light, heat, electricity, magnetism and it may be of other forms of energy.

And though of late some physicists have been questioning the necessity of the existence of the ether, and maintaining the view of action at a distance without a medium, yet such a supposition is simply inconceivable and we are driven perforce to the theory of an ether or of something equivalent to it. What is it? It is far too subtile to be seen itself, though it transmits the light waves, or rather

its own undulations are the light waves, by which seeing is effected. It cannot itself be felt and it eludes all sensual detection. An eminent physicist, Professor W. C. D. Whetham, F. R. S., terms it "a sub-material medium, a something prior to matter, not expressible in terms of matter."

As to its field of operation it has been said that if ten millions of atoms of any material substance can occupy the point of a needle, there are spaces between these atoms filled with the ether which extends thence everywhere. "Whatever difficulties we may have," says Professor Clark Maxwell, "in forming a consistent idea of the constitution of the ether, there can be no doubt that the interplanetary and interstellar spaces are not empty, but are occupied by a material substance or body, which is certainly the largest, and probably the most uniform body of which we have any knowledge."

It would seem a very heavy demand upon our faculty of faith to be asked to accept this view, but perhaps it makes no greater demand upon it to hold that there may be a counterpart to our physical bodies of some finer and more subtile essence than themselves, fitted to and corresponding with them throughout all their continuity, form for form, organ for organ, limb for limb, lineament for lineament.*

*Since this address was prepared a very valuable and suggestive article, entitled "Christianity and Science," has been published in the *Hibbert Journal* by one of the most eminent physicists of the present day, Sir Oliver Lodge, in which he speaks of "the doctrine of the dignity and necessary character of some quasi-material counterpart of every spiritual essence as consonant with or even as part of Christianity."

And thus we may arrive at a physical theory of another life, which was ably maintained by that profound thinker, Isaac Taylor, though it was approached by him from another direction.

May this counterpart be the "spiritual body" of which St. Paul writes? Spiritual, as being of so much finer essence than the grosser physical frame with which it is here associated, and yet material or "sub-material," as the ether is material or submaterial, but in some sense a body.

This is merely speculation, it may be said. True; but what more interesting subject of speculation can there be, or what more legitimate one, if kept within proper bounds, than the conditions of that state into which we all must enter? It may be allowable to ponder where we cannot know.

St. Paul appears to have pondered a mystery into the depths of which he could not penetrate, "Whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth."

But this much is stated; "There is a natural body,"—*σῶμα ψυχικόν*—a body by which the functions of animal life are carried on; and "there is," not there will be hereafter, but "there *is* a spiritual body"—*σῶμα πνευματικόν*. And so it may be that death is the separation of the finer ethereal body from the bodily organism as it is known in this life. If this be so, then, when the grosser frame overtaken by death is resolved into its material elements, never to appear again,—for here St. Paul is explicit, "thou sowest not that body that shall be,"—the spiritual body surviving the separation and preserving the union

with the pure spirit, the soul, may preserve also form and outline and lineament and likeness, according to that utterance of the great philosophic poet of our own day,

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

And if it be said that we can form no conception as to how the soul may be united with this spiritual or ethereal body, so too, it may be answered, we know nothing of the nature of the union of soul and body, or of the mind and its physical instrument, the brain, in this life, though we know that it exists.

The words "thou sowest not that body that shall be" should cause no pang to the affections, for personal identity does not reside in the collocation of physical particles. It is something deeper than such collocation which is continually changing in this life without disturbing that which constitutes identity. This identity, physically regarded, may be maintained by the medium of the spiritual body, which may keep the impress of form and feature.

To this spiritual body may be given again a new material frame with which it may be "clothed upon"—*ἐπενδύσασθαι* is St. Paul's word, superinvested, as it might be translated,—and so that which was "the body of humiliation" may be conformed to "the body of His glory Who is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

Such thoughts may help us to estimate at their true value the things which are seen and temporal and the things which are not seen and eternal.

**THE MARYLAND "ACT OF RELIGION"
AND SIR THOMAS MORE.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, Thomas White, and Robert Black. The dates are: 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814. The list is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a description of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1810, the second paragraph describes the events of 1811, and so on. The text is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a summary of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1810, the second paragraph describes the events of 1811, and so on. The text is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a summary of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1810, the second paragraph describes the events of 1811, and so on.

THE MARYLAND "ACT OF RELIGION"
AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

Gentlemen of the Churchman's Club :

On such an occasion as this, when Churchmen of Maryland have met together, it seems appropriate to call their attention to a subject relating to their State, which, I think, is of historical interest ; which is connected with religion ; and which in one of its aspects has only lately been brought to light.

You are all, no doubt, more or less familiar with the famous "Law of Maryland concerning Religion," which was promulgated by Cecilius Lord Baltimore, in the year 1649. It is well known, as stated by our fellow-member in this Club, Mr. Clayton Hall, in his admirable book on the Maryland Palatinate, that the Rev. Father Henry More, a Provincial of the Jesuit Society, was the friend and adviser of Lord Baltimore, and as he was such in other matters, we may be sure that he was especially an adviser in so important a matter as the Edict of Toleration, and was a collaborator with Lord Baltimore in adopting the principle of religious liberty and in preparing the law relating to it. The motives which led to the establishment of this law have been questioned by some writers, but into that subject I do not intend to go. I would only say that the State of Maryland has given

expression to its judgment and feeling upon the subject in the inscription upon the monument erected by the authority of the State to the memory of Leonard Calvert, the brother of Cecilius Lord Baltimore, and the first Proprietary Governor of the Palatinate. In this inscription, Maryland is spoken of as a place "where the persecuted and oppressed of every land and of every clime might repose in peace and security, adore their common God, and enjoy the priceless blessings of civil and religious liberty."

In securing these blessings, we may then well believe that Father Henry More, who was familiar with the principles of religious liberty, was an active co-worker.

But, there was one hundred years earlier, another More whose name as an upholder of righteousness and as the author of *Utopia* will be forever associated with religious liberty as long as English history shall be studied and English literature shall endure; for, although written in Latin, the strong nationality of its author and the fact that it has been twice translated into English give the *Utopia* place in English literature. I refer to Sir Thomas More, the great and good Chancellor of Henry VIII, whose place is high in the long line of English worthies. Among my cherished possessions is an engraved likeness of Sir Thomas More from a portrait by Van der Werff, showing a most gracious mingling of intelligence and benevolence; and pendent by a chain from the neck is represented a jewel, perhaps the golden rose which for ages it has been the custom of the Popes to bless on the Fourth Sunday in Lent and then to send to some son or

daughter of the Church distinguished by merit of some kind. It is intended to be specially emblematic of Christ and of the Christian graces; and that would be a reason for bestowing it upon Sir Thomas More.

Beneath the face in the picture is a quotation in the old French of the sixteenth century, which may be rendered thus :

“ I would not yield a wrong obedience to a ruthless king ;
For this he imposed on me his vengeance dire ;
We both have suffered—I from his cruelty,
And he from the everlasting hatred of all posterity.”

Terrible words—which may remind us of the judgment of the French historian, Lamartine, on another judicial crime ; “ The murderer has but his hour ; the victim has all eternity.”

We are told that when, after the execution of More, the Emperor Charles V, met the English Ambassador to his court, Sir Thomas Elliott, he said to him : “ I have learned that your master has slain his good servant, Sir Thomas More.” “ No, Sire,” replied the Ambassador, “ it is not true ; it cannot be.” “ Aye, but it is true,” said the Emperor ; “ he has put to death his faithful friend. Had we been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a counsellor.”

The philosophical historian, Sir James Macintosh, in commenting upon this event, after remarking to the effect that human nature has its limitations, whether for good or for evil, and, as no man in this state of being can be perfectly good, so no one can be perfectly wicked, says that “ in this direful deed, Henry perhaps approached as

nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature will allow. The execution of More marks the moment of the transition of Henry's government from joviality and parade to a species of atrocity which distinguishes it from, and perhaps above, any other European tyranny."

Let me say a word or two about the substance of the Christian Faith as held by Sir Thomas More, and then I will show you what has prompted these remarks. It may be strongly maintained, I think, that, if Sir Thomas More were with us now, and there were put before him on the one hand the systematic theology of the Anglo-Catholic Church, and on the other hand the dogmas of the Roman-Catholic Church now required to be held as of faith by all her members, he would feel himself in most important respects more at home in the Church of England than he would in the Church of Rome. For, consider these respects wherein the Anglican differs from the Roman Church.

First. The teaching on the subject of Transubstantiation, with the definitions of that term as now binding on all members of the Roman communion was not insisted upon as of faith in the time of Sir Thomas More. For although the term was used at the Lateran Council, held in 1215, its meaning was then left undefined, and it did not become the official doctrine of the Church of Rome, with the definitions which now surround it, until the decree of the Council of Trent.

Now the edicts of that council could not possibly have been binding upon Sir Thomas More, for he suffered

death in 1535 and had been in his martyr's grave ten years when that council held its first session in 1545.

Secondly. The teaching of the Roman Church as to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was not promulgated until the year 1854—319 years after the death of More.

Thirdly. The teaching of the Papal Infallibility was not proclaimed until 1870, when he had been dead for 335 years.

So I repeat that the doctrines which More knew and the faith which he professed were in some most important respects nearer to those of the Anglican Church than to those of the Roman Church of the present day.

But you may ask, What has this to do with the Maryland Act of Toleration, and what is the connecting link? It is a most interesting link and a close one.

Mr. Hall, in his delightful book to which I have referred, speaks of Father Henry More, the adviser of Lord Baltimore, as the great grandson of Sir Thomas More, the martyr. The question arose as we were talking on the subject one day, What is the authority for this statement? Is it certainly true? Can this line of descent be clearly established? If so, how interesting, how startling even, that the glorious theme which occupied the thought of the great-grandfather, but was there only as a dim and distant vision in the land of *Nowhere*—Utopia—should take form and become invested with reality through the labors of his descendant in the third generation.

No mention of this descendant is made in the "Life of More," by Bishop Burnet, which is prefixed to his

translation of the *Utopia*, nor in the excellent article on More in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, nor in the elaborate Life by Sir Leslie Stephen in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Mr. Hall said he would inquire whether information on the subject could be obtained from the Rev. Father Quirk of the Society of Jesuits, the President of Loyola College in this city, and on writing to this gentleman, just one year ago, he received from him a letter confirming the statement that Father More, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, was indeed the great-grandson of Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor. Being desirous of seeing for myself the evidence of this most interesting fact, on the 8th of June (1903) I called to see President Quirk and was assured by him of the great interest in the subject which he took, and of the pleasure he had in aiding any research concerning it. He then showed me the volume of the records of the English Comprovincials of the Society of Jesus for the seventeenth century, containing the genealogical table of the descent of the family of More from the father of Sir Thomas, through Sir Thomas, the son of Sir Thomas, his grandson, to his great-grandson, Father Henry More, the friend and counsellor of Cecilius Lord Baltimore. And so, I think, *res est adjudicata*. This descendant was no doubt familiar with the writings of his wise and learned ancestor, and having often pondered in his heart the great lesson of toleration inculcated in them, it may well be believed that he would welcome the opportunity of realizing that lesson and giving it a local application and fulfilment here.

Now I ask you, Churchmen of Maryland, whether Marylanders by birth and descent, or Marylanders by adoption, is it not inspiring, does it not touch the heart and kindle the imagination to know that the faint, dim vision of a fair land where Mercy and Truth should meet together, where Righteousness and Peace should kiss each other, should have had its fruition and become an actual, living reality here among our forefathers, or the forefathers of some of us ; to know that the halo of glory gleaming from the martyred brow of Sir Thomas More should in a direct line of descent, as it were, irradiate and illuminate the pages of the history of our own Maryland? I commend this subject to your thoughts, to your imaginations, and to your memories.

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